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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Imitationists

WHAT is there in the experiences of confused and incoherent living that so many novelists insist on making books about it? Why do the novels that critics most discuss so invariably deal with boredom, failure, adultery, disease, sordid adventure, and the tawdry outcome of greed, passion, or disability? What perverse spirit has driven the most comfortable nations of the modern world into praising, even when they do not read, those painfully accurate word photographs of all that their populations most dislike? The romantic writer, who pleases the millions, may make his fortune, but it is the realist who is called "master." A Walter Scott today might be kept to the literary underworld of the movies, his name scarcely mentioned in serious literary journals.

And it is not even realism, as the word has always been understood, which is in highest critical favor at the moment, but what the French call naturalism, which may be more accurately named imitationism. Realism is the result of a mood and an attitude, and by no means requires the meticulous reproduction of every smell, sound, and impression of current life which is in vogue. The books of Dreiser, Joyce, Wells, Lewis, Virginia Woolf, for example, or the just published "Manhattan Transfer" of John Dos Passos, are in their most characteristic aspect careful imitations of the contemporary scene where the attempt is not so much to represent as to duplicate, and where praise goes to the transcript rather than to moral interpretation, or even significance. To say that these books are realistic is not to define their content: it is their faithful portrayal of appearances as our senses record them which distinguishes them. They are studies of the senses, scientifically conducted.

* * *

Whatever may be true of the rest of the world, we in America are at a stage where such books do have their significance, and are important. We have made history too fast to be ready for profound interpretative literature. Writers who try to be profound about America are likely to emerge from their profundities (and this was true even of Whitman) only to discover that we have passed on into another era. We must, in fact, discover our own significance from such honest pictures of ourselves as may be presented, and it is not necessary for a skilful imitator of the life about him to be profound in order to give us something deep to think over in his book.

Tolstoy's "War and Peace," as someone has said, is a profound book although Tolstoy was by no means profound when he wrote it. His imitation of actual war leads to profound interpretations. One suspects that the significance of "Babbitt" goes deeper than Mr. Lewis himself has plumbed. He has a man and a scene truly set forth in that book which better philosophers than he will make much of. The vivid, broken, jangling New York of "Manhattan Transfer," while true only to an aspect, and that a youthful one, has far more significance than its apparent philosophy of futility and confusion. The imitationist, if he is an honest and skilful one, writes books that are wiser than he is. If that seems a paradox, consider that the history of a nation is implied in the day's life of an individual, and an imaginative selection of episode and a vivid re-creation of the sensations of living may provide a document that actually contains more than the maker thereof will ever understand.

Hence the partiality of American critics toward books that seldom are pleasing and which never help the reader to escape from the oppressive reality about him. They are the modern substitute for the finality of epic and drama, and the novel of the older, more definitive sort. It is as if the authors, carried themselves on the rapid stream of change and confusion, had said: We do not know what this hustle and bustle ultimately means, or indeed whether it is progress or regress, but here at least are studies, shrewdly contrived, of life as it felt and seemed and was to us.

High Passage

By THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

WHAT pure coincidences were the day the bee
Crossed the black river and came floating further West:
An old man felt no symbol streaming o'er his head,
But crushing English roses in his hunting vest
As if the flowers were there, spoke to his dusty son
Of this and that which he had written in his will,
And prattled on of England 'til the weary boy
Grew fearful of what lay behind each westering hill,
And watched horizons bobbing through the oxen horns,
Like circles screwed against his own identity,
Which thundered in his ears and through the wagon wheels
To roar beneath the silent passage of a bee.

The day the bee flew further West a Blackfoot girl
Laughed when her mother, mumbling of a buffalo bull,
Told of a maid that once a bull had wooed away;
Also that day a Ute boy topped a brown armful
Of wood with a gnarled snow-snake of the winter games,
Which now, in summer calm, could kindle evening fire;
So twilight fell across the world under the bee,
Whose flight sang down to peace, and while the moon rose higher,
The nodding prairie drowsed, for still unmeasured miles
Lay silent in the grass between the fires of those
Who trusting bulls would learn to fear a bee,
And lonely men remembering a droning rose.

Next Week

The Authority of the Law. By *Fabian Franklin.*

"The Phantom Republic." Reviewed by *W. Y. Elliott.*

"American Negro Spirituals." Reviewed by *R. Emmet Kennedy.*

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Time, Tides, and Taste

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

THE tides of taste flow and ebb and flow again, and works of "genius" and "art" pop in and out of fashion like little men on old-time clocks. A watcher, even in one brief generation, acquires a wholesome cynicism, eyes dog-wise the criticism of the day, the cults of the clever, the enthusiasms of the young. He learns that experiment and achievement are not quite interchangeable terms. The shortness of life and the length of art are to him increasingly apparent, and he has come to mistrust the inveterate cockeyedness of the literary man.

Save as museum pieces in the unvisited rooms of the Past, how very few books live! In the whole range of English literature down to 1800, who, except by professors and their pupils as part of education, is widely read? Shakespeare. Save for some dozen or so still well-thumbed volumes, the others—even Chaucer, Bunyan, Milton, Dryden, Johnson, Defoe, Swift, Fielding, Jeremy Taylor —are but venerable names. Of all the great English writers, poets and novelists of the nineteenth century, who are now really *coram populo?* Dickens, Stevenson, and Mark Twain; with Shelley, Scott, Wordsworth, Jane Austen, Trollope, and Tennyson, dipped into; and the readers of such as Byron, Hawthorne, Thackeray, Poe, the Brontës, Marryat, Charles Reade, Browning, Blackmore, Artemus Ward, Whitman, Herman Melville, confined to a surviving book or two apiece. I speak not here of connoisseurs, students, or bookworms, but of the reading public at large. Even Meredith, Swinburne, Howells, and Henry James are passing already from the minds of those who read for pastime. Who among the living will fare better? None. We shall drift into dusty limbo, at best remembered as names, or each by a book or two—a "Tess," an "Esther Waters," a "Mr. Polly," a "Babbitt," an "Ethan Frome," an "Old Wives' Tale," a "Reynard the Fox." And in the twilight of this reflection, the number of "great" books that appear every year, the annual geniuses, have but a sober hue. The wheel turns and they fly off like the powdery dust of high summer.

* * *

In this general certainty of extinction the future is not worth considering by writers. We are of our day. Lamb-like, we kick our heels in the Spring; and, if lucky, are still served with mint sauce, instead of current jelly, in the Autumn. On the stage, lately, they performed a funny skit of the high-kicking dances that adorned English Gaiety burlesques in the late eighties—a row of young women, over-rouged, over-wigged, and under-frilled, trying with an intent and solemn diligence to reach high heaven with their toes. With what utter and expressionless precision their legs went up—and up—and up! We remembered the original and the pleasure it then gave us! Dear me! Our taste has changed.

Yes, the 'Eighties are paved over, and the grass grows between; but they were vital while they lasted—as vital as these 'Twenties, who must themselves become a grass-grown walk. Remember the 'Nineties and their *Yellow Book*—how it glittered and it shone—not Solomon in all his glory put on so many frills; and where are they now? To think that these high-spirited 'Twenties, with their absolute taste, will be the "gone-offs" of the 'Thirties, the "old geysers" of

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the 'Forties! Professor Einstein, who with such careful ceremony, married relativity to a world which had in secret always enjoyed it, left to æsthetic Youth his cast-off "absolute," so that—if not precisely in unity—they might dwell together, decade by decade, unrelated in their own estimation to time and tide.

The first years of this century turned the moon over, too; were as absolute as these 'Twenties, and as clever. They met, shook a leg, put out a tongue, and lo! Their elders did not exist—at least for the moment. There was Hardy! Let us see what happened to the poor man. They labelled him old-fashioned, and out he went, but—he came in again. There was Stevenson, that mere Romantic—how many deaths he died on their lips! There was Kipling—oh! poor Kipling! There was Barrie—a sad case! There was Shaw—that shocking journalist. And then those smart young "absolutes" lost their innocence, passed into relativity, and now are the merest "geysers." There were sucking geniuses in those days, too, but they all died young, killed by the innocents who followed. Layer on layer the ages lie, each as innocent as the one before, and each happy while it lasts, under its midnight lamps, putting the Past in its place, and that a little lower than its own, monopolizing style, and with serene finality pronouncing: "This is 'done,'" or "That is drivel."

* * *

Those periodic makers of new forms—canonized and pedestalled by coterie—how little they shake the world of letters! They are like novelists who enter the British House of Commons to reform Society, and leave it—oh! so soon—with nothing but themselves reformed. You remember that Mr. Carlyle who purposed to renovate style? Oh! what a to-do! But when he was through, there were only his works and your smile. Since then there have been others—this decade boasts at least three—and when it passes, so will they, clad lightly in a general grin. For if anything is certain in the mystery which surrounds literary survival, it is this: the "precious" has precious little chance. Was there anything exotic, self-conscious in their day, about the expression of any among those who have eluded Time so far? Of Homer, say—if ever Homer was—or the Greek dramatists; of Virgil, Horace, Plutarch, Dante, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Goethe, Tolstoy? These outran no constables. That is worth a thought before falling on our knees in front of the Messieurs Petitmaître or Madame Soubresaut. Calm, unruffled, all-absorbing, the main stream of literature flows, and makes of each little tributary decade, which takes itself for eternity, about as much as a trout makes of a single mayfly.

But the cry of literary Youth: "Crown taste in our time, O Lord! We are 'the goods!'" is welcome. Without the two-year-olds, their breeding, paces, color, trials, performance, the literary papers would be starved. Lacking discovery of new flyers and discovery that old flyers never could fly, contemporary criticism could not sing with Macheath:

> I sip every flower,
> I change every hour!

And how amusing it is to watch the wheel of criticism turning—to see a Dostoievski displace a Turgeniev, a Chekhov displace both; a Dreiser replace a Norris, a Lewis a Dreiser, Un Tel a Lewis, a Norris Un Tel; a Proust displace a France, and a Joyce replace the Deity!

Once on a time an English editor in a single discharge blew from his mouth every literary name alive, and died editorially in the blast. This was perhaps the most striking example of time-and-trouble-saving in all the history of literature. Why spend ten years in sapping what can be blasted in a day without any sapping at all, especially when the result is the same in both cases! For literary fame—not the brand in publishers' advertisements, nor the bay-leaf grown in cafés, but that which clings on, though blasted every other decade—is mysteriously entwined with public favor, and curiously detached from critical pronouncement. Like ivy, it gets slow hold, climbs up a writer, spreads in a mass of decorative leaf, and sometimes chokes the creative life out of him. Take the strange case of Conrad, who during the first eighteen years of his writing life was praised by critics as writers seldom have been, yet was hardly known to the public; and then, in a quick three years, was covered with the leaves of fame. Take the case of Kipling, critically acclaimed, critically condemned, again acclaimed, again condemned, and strangely famous all the time. Contemporary taste sways with action and reaction, obeys a dislike of repetition, a craving for novelty; follows the talk of the most self-conscious literary clique of its day, and swims with the tide of worldly circumstance, such as a pre-war or an after-war mood; it is policed only by a sense of proportion in the general mind, which all the time manages to rescue from the ebb and flow of taste, what really feeds and amuses it. The mental appetite of literary youth changes almost every year; the mental appetite of simpler folk remains much the same for a generation at least; and certain primal food-demands of the mind last down the centuries: Item, the craving for drama, which is satisfied by the telling of a tale; item, the craving for seeing yourself and your neighbor reproduced, which is satisfied by the creation of character. The period whose taste gets away from these simple demands is found in the long run no tributary, however it may have raced and bubbled in its own eyes, but just a backwater.

The present period, very sparkling, unquestionably self-conscious and inclined to proclaim its monopoly of cleverness, will contribute, but not by virtue of its opinion of itself, nor by reason of its extravagant experiments. The 'Forties will not write—nay, nor even the 'Thirties—in the style of Mr. Dotter and Mrs. Dasher of the 'Twenties; the 'Thirties will put in stops again, with other old-fashioned aids to the brain, such as coherence and an obvious connection between words and thought. Violent changes, which are "the thing" from time to time, should at least be based on practical advantage. Take the change in dancing, for example; it has two very practical—dare we say?—advantages; it causes less perspiration, and establishes closer contact between male and female. But the stopless and the "bide-a-wee-thorn" writers of to-day cause more perspiration and establish a wider space between themselves and their readers. They require more time and patience; but readers have ever less of both. Stopless and Bide-a-wee-thorn will end by taking in each other's washing, and with no circle of adorers to see how they do it. This indeed is a sure thing. But Stopless and Bide-a-wee-thorn, however earnest their own convictions that they are pioneers to a more precious future, are mere stunt customers. By them To-day will not be judged. No! To-day will count because, like most periods, it has some genuine creative talent, some real power of telling a tale, and some quiet devotion to its job. It will count in spite of that proclaimed cleverness which is perhaps only speed. The ball flies more lightly—the "wickets are faster," as we say; hit or get out is the watchword. But the result? Will Time give the palm to the team of to-day over the team of ten, twenty, thirty years ago? Maybe—for there never were so many players of the writing game as now. They jostle up like young larch trees planted too close together; and some will shoot ahead and be spread for a time, as ornamental timber, when the Great Forester converts the covert into pit-props.

* * *

But as to the claim, seemingly implicit in café-table talk, that some fresh human faculty has been awakened, that there is a real new demand of the mind, which the old writers, painters, and composers cannot satisfy—let us consider! Applause now greets a piece of decorative noise such as Honegger's rendering of a locomotive's progress. But even in the time of Bach would not Honegger or Stravinsky—provided they escaped incarceration—have stimulated the eighteenth century man by their ingenious noises fully as much as the beating of forest drums has always stimulated people? Down to quite a short time ago a white man who craved for exciting noise, had to repair to the Zoos at feeding time, or hire a man to play the bagpipes without actually breaking into a tune. Such considerable and not undignified sounds were all he could obtain; but his appetite was there; all unknowingly he hungered for "Le Sacre du Printemps." So in literature—the reader down to 1910 was forced to glut his cravings for the symptomatic and the well-nigh unintelligible, on medical treatises, and the differential calculus; now he can take down a novel. Many who went about looking at pictures and sculpture in the last century, loved also to see cranes at work, engines giving off steam, scaffolding at night-time, piles of bee-root, and the simple village pump; there was a craving within them that pictures and sculpture did not satisfy—whereas now it is different.

No, this new faculty and demand is probably *not* at all new. To-day is simply satisfying an old craving in a different and more compendious fashion. People have been known to affirm that the new music, art, literature, are mere noise, pattern, and mental exercise; but that is very rude and old-fashioned! The new art, music, and literature—I speak of their more exotic blossoms—satisfy certain emotional or mental desires which hitherto could get no food from art. To be able to call art that which we used not to call art, must surely give us a broader satisfaction, or at least put a higher premium on our lower cravings. It widens, if it does not heighten, our conception of æstheticism, to include among the æsthetic, the child, the savage, the mathematician, the medical man—very considerable sections of the population—hitherto excluded. Probably we shall never again let these new æsthetes slip altogether from the company of the elect—though in the 'Thirties and 'Forties we may not place them quite so high in the scale of taste.

Yes, on the whole, we must reject the theory of a new faculty in the modern mind, and fall back on a simple shift of categories. The human being doesn't change so quickly as all that, but labels are always getting swapped around; and in that activity to-day is highly active and adventurous, if possibly a little intoxicated and calisthenic. But, to risk a repetition, to-day will be remembered for more substantial reasons than its cocktails and its calisthenics. And since, in any case, like other periods, it must pass, shall it not kick as high as it can, while yet living? The certainty of decease is an incentive to vitality in the well-constituted mind. To be alive and, as Mr. Verdant Green used to say, "prou' title," is the keystone of philosophy. Let Time do his worst! The 'Twenties do well to defy him. For no matter how many candles they burn, judgments pronounce, or policies of insurance take out, the Old Blighter will have his way with them in the end.

One of the leading things in the book sales which began at Sotheby's in London at the end of November was the dispersal of the third and last part of the famous collection of letters and documents relating to Napoleon which was formed by the late Lord Crawford and Balcarres. It is very rich in interesting things and includes scores of Napoleon's letters and battle orders. The series ends, with dramatic appropriateness, with a collection of papers concerning the last days at St. Helena.

"At eighty years of age Dr. George Saintsbury is, I suppose," says a writer in the *Manchester Guardian*, "the last survivor of the group of mighty readers and reviewers who, beginning in the days when the *Saturday Review* was still young, made the last quarter of the nineteenth century a brilliant period in our literary annals. Dr. Saintsbury was just over thirty when, giving up a head-mastership at Elgin, he came to London and started on the twenty years of reviewing which he has described in one of the most delightful of his essays. Then in 1895 he followed David Masson in the Chair of English Literature at Edinburgh, and held it until 1915, when, with vastly augmented knowledge and undiminished gusto, he resumed the old trade.

Making his home in Bath like that other veteran of Victorian letters Frederic Harrison, Dr. Saintsbury has enjoyed an old age of astonishing fecundity. His greatest books were written in Edinburgh, but those that, with the exception of the short histories of English and French literature, have captured the larger public have been the product of the years after three score and ten. The Letter-book, the Cellar-book, and the series of Scrap-books alike proclaim Dr. Saintsbury's wonderfully vigorous elderhood."

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Manhattan at Last!

MANHATTAN TRANSFER. By [illegible] Dos Passos. New York: Harper & Brothers. [illegible] $2.

Reviewed by SINCLAIR LEWIS

I DIDN'T want to review the books. I was off for a vacation in Bermuda. Now that I've read it, still less do I want to review it. I am afraid that Mr. Dos Passos's "Manhattan Transfer" may veritably be a great book. And I have come to hate all the superlatives of book-boosting.

The professional executioners, like Mr. Canby, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Mencken—it is their official duty to jerk all the æsthetic criminals off into eternity. But we occasional guardians of spiritual peace, we are typical militiamen, we hate to quell literary strikes and arrest chronic offenders, we like only to parade with roses on our muskets, cheered by the flappers along the way. Yet violent strike duty is really less risky than being benevolent.

Nevertheless, I am going to take the risk.

I wonder whether it may not be true that "Manhattan Transfer" is a novel of the very first importance; a book which the idle reader can devour yet which the literary analyst must take as possibly inaugurating, at long last, the vast and blazing dawn we have awaited. It *may* be the foundation of a whole new school of novel-writing. Dos Passos *may* be, more than Dreiser, Cather, Hergesheimer, Cabell, or Anderson the father of humanized and living fiction . . . not merely for America but for the world!

Just to rub it in, I regard "Manhattan Transfer" as more important in every way than anything by Gertrude Stein or Marcel Proust or even the great white boar, Mr. Joyce's "Ulysses." For Mr. Dos Passos can use, and deftly does use, all their experimental psychology and style, all their revolt against the molds of classic fiction. But the difference! Dos Passos is *interesting!* Their novels are treatises on harmony, very scholarly, and confoundedly dull; "Manhattan Transfer" is the moving symphony itself.

True, no doubt, that without Joyce et Cie., Dreiser and Gesellschaft, Dos Passos might never have been able to devise this channel for the river of living life. Perhaps without a Belasco, even a Charley Hoyt, O'Neill might never have written as he does. But there is no "perhaps" in the question as to whether one prefers "Desire under the Elms" to the glib falsities of "The Girl of the Golden West." And for one reader there is no question as to whether he prefers the breathless reality of "Manhattan Transfer" to the laboratory-reports of "Ulysses."

* * *

In "Manhattan Transfer," Mr. Dos Passos does, really does, what all of us have frequently proved could not be done; he presents the panorama, the sense, the smell, the sound, the soul, of New York. It is a long book—nearly two hundred thousand words, no doubt—but almost any other novelist would have had to take a million words to convey all the personalities and moods which here are quite completely expressed. The book covers some twenty-five years of the growth and decay of not only the hundred or more characters, but of the whole mass of the city—the other millions of characters whom you feel hauntingly behind the persons named and chronicled.

Mr. Dos Passos manages it by omitting the tedious transitions from which most of us can never escape. He flings the heart of a scene before you, ruthlessly casting away the "And so the months and seasons went by and Gertrudine realized that Augustus did not love her" sort of plodding whereby most journeymen novelists fatigue the soul. It is, indeed, the technique of the movie, in its flashes, its cut-backs, its speed.

Large numbers of persons are going to say that it is the technique of the movie. But it differs from the movie in two somewhat important details. It does not deal only with the outsides of human beings; and Dos Passos does not use the technique to acquire a jazz effect, but because, when he has given the complete inwardness of a situation, he will not, to make a tale easy to "drool out," go on with the unessentials.

Dickens, too, expressed the vast London of his day, Dickens, too, leapt from one set of characters [illegible] and I can hear with all the class- [illegible] room returning, after these twenty years) [illegible] pedagogue explaining to the four [illegible] literary gentlemen and the hen-medic [illegible] always has in for tea on Sunday afternoon that after all, one Mr. Dickens did in his [illegible] way manage to do everything that Mr. Dos Passos is alleged to have done.

Yet with all this, Dickens, who created characters more enduring than Dos Passos is likely to [illegible], like Mark Twain and O. Henry, doubted his own genius and, straightway after he had built immortal reality, apologized for such presumption by dragging in page on page of respectable and living hypocrisy. That Dos Passos does not do, probably could not do, not for one phrase. There is nothing here which is not real, instinct with life as we all know it and all veil it; there is not one character without corpuscles; not one moment when Dos Passos is willing to emblazon his characters by the tricks of caricature, which, though they are considerably harder to achieve than is believed by the layman, yet are pathetically easier than authentic revelation of genuine personality. And the classic method was—oh, it was rigged! By dismal coincidence, Mr. Jones had to be produced in the stage-coach at the same time with Mr. Smith, so that something very nasty and entertaining might happen. In "Manhattan Transfer," the thirty or forty characters either do not impinge at all or do so only naturally. Each thread of story is distinct yet all of them proceed together. Aunt Tessie McCabe of Benner's Falls may seem far from Croce of Naples, but Aunt Tessie's nephew Winthrop, who is a lawyer in Omaha, has for client a spaghetti importer whose best friend is the nephew of Croce. And to just that natural degree does Dos Passos intertwine his stories.

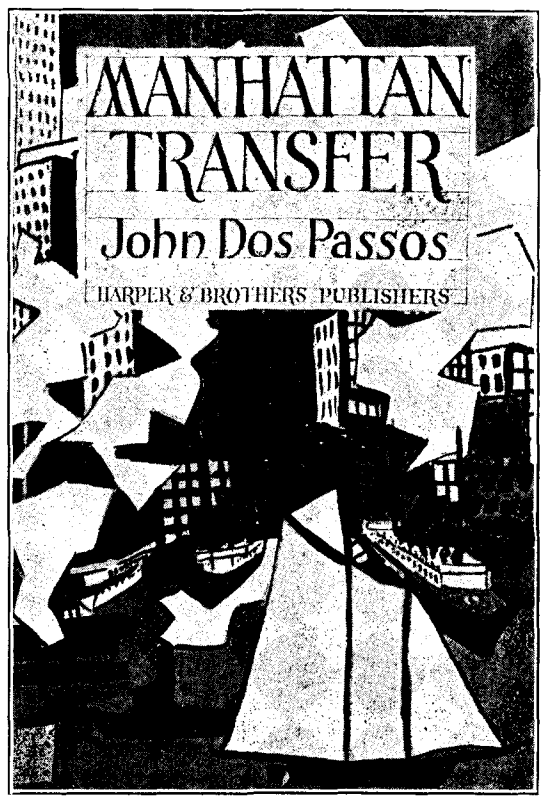

Illustration by the Author
From
"Manhattan Transfer"

But the thing that really distinguishes Dos Passos is not the mechanics of technique. It is his passion for the beauty and stir of life—of people, of rivers and little hills and tall towers by dawn and furnace-kindled dusk. Many wise persons will indicate that he is "sordid." He is not! Scarce Keats himself had a more passionate and sensitive reaction to beauty in her every guise. He does not always express it in breakfast food, easy for the moron to digest; no suave couplets are here, nor descriptions of sky-scrapers so neat that the Real Estate Sections of the Sunday newspapers will beg to reprint them. He deals not in photography but in broken color (though never, thank Heaven, in Picasso impressionism). But there is the City, smell of it, sound of it, harsh and stirring sight of it, the churn and crunch of littered water between ferry-boat and slip, the midnight of skyscrapers where a dot of yellow betrays an illicit love or a weary accountant, insane clamor of subways in the dark, taste of spring in the law-haunted park; shriek of cabarets and howl of loneliness in hall bedrooms—a thousand divinations of beauty without one slobber of arty Beauty-mongering.

I am wondering again—I am wondering if this may not perhaps be the first book to catch Manhattan. What have we had before, what have we had? Whitman? That is not our Manhattan; it is a provincial city, near the frontier. Howells, Wharton, James? A provincial city near to Bath and the vicar's aunt. Hughes, Fitzgerald, Johnson, all the magazine reporters of the Jazz Age? Foam on the beer! O. Henry? Change Broadway to Market Street or State Street in his stories, and see whether any one perceives a change.

But, to return, the real discussion will be as to whether Mr. Dos Passos is Sordid and perhaps even Indecent. (Dear Lord, and is this to be but joking? Who was the mayor of Florence when Dante looked at Beatrice? Who was the master of the college which kicked out Shelley?)

Yes, Mr. Dos Passos will be slated as sordid. He alleges that the male persons, properly married, owning Buicks and bungalows, sometimes betray an interest in wenches who are not allied to them by matrimony. He hints that physiological processes continue much as they did in the days of Voltaire and M. le Père Rabelais. He maintains that bums on the Bowery often use expletives stronger than "By golly." He even has the nerve to imply that college bred journalists sometimes split infinitives and bottles of synthetic gin.

A low fellow! He does not see life as necessarily approaching the ideals of a Hartford insurance agent. He sees it as a roaring, thundering, incalculable, obscene, magnificent glory.

For whatever John Dos Passos does in this book, he finds life, our American life, our Manhattan life, not a pallid and improving affair, but the blood and meat of eternal humanity.

I have, fortunately, one complaint. I see no advantage in Mr. Dos Passos's trick of running words together as in a paralyzing German substantive; in using such barbarisms as "millionwindowed buildings" or "cabbageleaves." "Grimydark" does certainly give a closer knit impression than "Grimy, dark," but "pepperyfragrance" "tobaccosmoke" and "steamboatwhistles" are against God who invented spacing and hyphenation to save [illegible] eyes. Mr. Dos Passos does not need to call attention to himself by thus wearing a red tie with his dinner clothes. That may be left to the vaudeville intellectuals who, having nothing to say and a genius for saying it badly, try to attract bourgeois notice—which they so much despise and so much desire—by omitting capitals, running words together, and using figures in place of letters. It is necessary to collate "Manhattan Transfer" with the book which introduced Mr. Dos Passos; "Three Soldiers." To me it seemed lively and authentic, to many it was arty and whining—whine, whine, whine—the naughty brutal sergeant, oh, the nasty fellow! I challenge those who felt so to read "Manhattan Transfer." There is no whining here! There is strength. There is the strong savor of very life. I met Dos Passos once. I have a recollection of lanky vitality and owlish spectacles. That was many years ago, and it was not till now that I found the feather, the eagle's feather—well, I forget the rest.

Norway in America

THE EMIGRANTS. By JOHAN BOJER. Translated from the Norwegian by A. G. Jayne. New York: The Century Company. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

FIVE years ago, Mr. Bojer published a novel entitled "Dyrendal," which was translated into English under the more intriguing than accurate title of "God and Woman." One of the very best features, though hardly the main feature, of this novel was the story of the Norwegian who "emigrated" to America in the womb of his dishonored mother, who was born in Wisconsin, rose to the position of mayor of Madison, became the employer of five thousand men, the chewer of whole bales of tobacco, and the wearer of a gold watch chain so heavy that it might have served to tow in a broken-down touring car. That "emigrant" returned in time to Norway, only to sneer at his father and his father's wife who was not his mother. He stayed only a very short while; but he stayed

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point for those who come to America in "The Emigrants," this new novel is not a sequel to "God and Woman." It is rather a hand-over in the better sense. Moved in part by the desire to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the coming of the "Restauration" with its boat load of Norwegians, and in part by the feeling that the emigration problem is a fruitful one, Mr. Bojer has returned to it in "The Emigrants" and done it real if not indeed ultimate and definite justice. He obviously came to feel that in "God and Woman" he had merely rubbed, and rubbed the wrong way at that, a quite great and involved subject. The result is "The Emigrants," a novel that is distinctly different from anything Mr. Bojer has thus far written, a novel that is almost surfeited with thrills, a novel that should do much, even in this late age when pioneering is about obsolete, to make it clear to prospective emigrants that this is a land of opposition as well as of opportunity, and that such seemingly glorious notions as freedom, democracy, and liberty carry with them an obligation to decency in action that may be as embarrassing as conventional subjectship.

As to the technique of the tale, nothing could be simpler. The period covered is from eight years previous to the admission into the Union of North Dakota, or 1881, to virtually the day on which the last line was written: the sons of the emigrants fight in the World War. When these emigrants arrive in the Northwest, they have absolutely nothing but the ground they stand on, two oxen, and a wagon the wheels of which are grindstones. At the expiration of forty-five years, they have everything that would be listed in a complete inventory of civilization, including an endowed university. This is an epic of civilization.

Mr. Bojer has hurt his case in a few instances by his tendency to a platitudinous sort of moralizing. He has also revealed a bit of naiveté—it was to be expected—in his descriptions of such things as prairie fires, coyotes, and corner saloons. But it is much to be doubted whether the "hyphenate" has ever—and that adverb goes way back—been treated with as much penetration, discrimination, soundness of judgment, and genuineness of studied vision as have been accorded him in "The Emigrants."

A Window in the Wall

PETER THE CZAR. By KLABUND. Translated from the German by Herman George Scheffauer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

KLABUND'S "Peter the Czar" is like a piece of massive metal hammered into shape with clean hard blows. It is all core, all drama and poetry, rather than narrative advanced with dramatic strokes and embellished with poetic touches. In the brevity of a hundred and fifty pages this German poet, working in prose, has set down his version of Russia's barbaric Czar as it pours hot and vital from his brain. Whatever may be the true story of Peter the Great, Klabund has made his own so decisive that its fictions are likely to supplant the true facts in a reader's mind. To adopt his own words, he has cut a window in the great wall behind which Russia slept two hundred years ago. He has made a story alive in the present and at the same time barbaric and legendary with superstition and primordial poetry. He works with big slashing strokes, and those who choose may cavil at the minor imperfections they perceive—his short sentences, his sensational paragraphing, his sacrifice of delicacy for vigor. But they can object to these only on abstract grounds, not concrete ones. The end achieved here justifies every means.

If Klabund's method needs a label, it is roughly impressionistic. The novel is made up of many swift scenes—staccato dialogues, dynamic pictures, heavy-line characterizations. It is in their naked directness rather than in their suggestive power that these are essential poetry, and the same directness gives to the narrative the speed of a projectile. Klabund's Peter is a barbarian of primitive animal emotions, never melancholic or cultivated, but often inspired by flashes of clear sanity. He wants power for himself and empire for Russia He does not plot; he strikes—and is a wise enough barbarian to profit by his mistakes. His foes, his subjects, his women are treated alike and with equal directness. When he wants to get rid of an enemy, he hangs him; when he wants a wife, he summons the beauties of all his provinces and selects Jevdokia; when Katharina wins his favor, he sends Jevdokia to a convent. When he conceives the idea of building Petersburg, he builds it at once, though it costs thousands of lives. Klabund's Peter is a superman among barbarians. And at the summit of his career, in the very hour of victory, he succumbs to an amour, contracts disease, and dies from it.

Actual as the story seems, it is seventeenth century for all that. A land grows up before us peopled and physical. The Russians are lazy dreamers uninterested in the magnificent resources of their country, untouched by Western Europe, serfs and barbarians through preference. Russia is overrun by wolves and covered all winter with snow. "The summers of the North were blue, warm, and light." Many simple sentences like this throw us back into the past, and all the while the story races on. In Mr. Scheffauer, Klabund has a sympathetic translator who does not drain the original of its blood, but makes plain the peculiar quality of its achievement. It is an achievement good enough to be accepted on the author's own terms of workmanship.

Honest Romance

THE CHICKEN-WAGON FAMILY. By BARRY BENEFIELD. New York: The Century Company. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IF WE are behind-hand in reviewing "The Chicken-Wagon Family," we were not behind-hand in reading it. A past acquaintance with the short stories of Mr. Benefield caused us to snatch advance sheets of his novel that came our way, and we found it one of the easiest of books to read.

We understand that the movie rights of "The Chicken-Wagon Family" have brought a good price. This is as it should be, if the moving pictures realize the possibilities of the story and do not cheapen it too greatly. It is not a cheap story. It is a simple, straightforward, well-wrought narrative, with romance and sentiment well-mixed. Its atmospheric conditions are bright and fair, but it does not lack for irony or pursuing tragedy. And the ending is shrewd and deft.

For a number of years the few short stories of Barry Benefield that emerged from the sparse leisure of an exceptionally busy man "in the publishing game" have attracted the attention of those interested in sincere and striking brief fiction. We believe "The Chicken-Wagon Family" to be his first novel. In any case it is a success. From the moment when the voice of Old Long Emergency comes to one's ear out of the 3 A. M. dimness of the city room of *The Star*, to the moment it falters away again into the shadows beyond the green-hooded light on the desk of the long trick, the story the desk-man tells holds and haunts us. The Fippanys and Addie live and breathe. Miss Febber is real. The tragedy of her marriage to Jim is strongly etched. If circumstance is molded to the proportions of a well-rounded tale, why, at least, for those who prefer to take their life straight, without what they regard as non-essential and meretricious ingredients, the final dream of the return to Six-A House may remain nothing more than the natural sentimental dream of the old fellow whose life missed its golden chance for happiness. The Postscript Chapter may or may not be interpreted as a happy ending. Of course, in the Movies, it will be a happy ending, and thereby spoil the art of Mr. Benefield's conclusion. There is, however, too much real life in the book for the movies wholly to spoil.

There is, of course, great picturesqueness too, in the hegira of the Fippanys from upper Louisiana to Manhattan, behind the elegant little Spanish mules, Kit and Luce,—in the finding of Six-A House in a hostile city, and the romance enacted therein,—in the advent of Miss Febber, her scheming, and Jim's sacrifice for which he paid the full price,—in the climax under the fiery cross, from which the story moves quickly back to Broadway for its end, with Minnie most generously removed to happiness by the author, and Jim holding down the Long Emergency trick on the *Star* still haunted by his dreams of Addie.

The devices by which Benefield develops his tale are not new. Yet to stock devices he brings an ingenuity of his own, a charm, a simplicity and tenderness refreshing in the present day. Addie is, of course, the creature of an idyll. She may never have been on sea or land. But we are made to see her through Jim's eyes, and she remains an endearing phantom.

"The Chicken-Wagon Family" is very far from being a great work of art. It is constructed, on the other hand, by a thoroughly capable artisan; and it seems to us to have caught that peculiar glamour of mixed reality and dream that makes for a popular romance. We hope so, at least, because we feel it to be a thoroughly honest piece of work, a book as beguiling and memorable as Charles D. Stewart's "The Fugitive Blacksmith" of several decades ago.

A Difficult Problem

TABOO. By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by LLOYD MORRIS

THE responsibilities of a novelist toward his material are all but inexorable; the attempt to escape from them, all but disastrous. Craftsmanship is skill, not in the evasion of problems, but in their solution; and the problems of the novelist derive no less from the logic of his subject than from the character of his medium. These critical truisms find a new illustration in Mr. Steele's "Taboo" and, regrettably, the illustration is impressive. It is impressive because in this novel Mr. Steele has once again demonstrated his possession of many of the capabilities by which artistic achievement is determined. The incidental excellences of "Taboo" emphasize more sharply an essential deficiency which debars it from accomplishment. That deficiency proceeds from the fact that the author has been content to substitute, for the obligatory solution of his central problem, an ineffectual evasion of it.

The extreme difficulty of the problem must be admitted, in explanation, though not in palliation of Mr. Steele's treatment of it. The protagonist of his fable has married, in early youth, a woman considerably older than himself; she has died in childbirth; he has devoted himself exclusively to the care of his daughter, and between them there exists a passionate affection. While he is still short of middle age, his daughter reaches maturity. Their intimate association continues, and both face the recognition that the relation between them is one of passion, rather than affection. The theme, therefore, is the ancient theme of incest; a theme which, in the ancient conception, demanded for its treatment the uncompromising, inevitable logic of tragedy. The ancient mind was preoccupied with the consequences of action, not with action itself. Sophocles postulated the incest of Œdipus and Jocasta as an antecedent event, but concerned himself exclusively with its ultimate consequences for the unfortunate pair. The modern mind, viewing life from another standpoint, prefers

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WILLIAM ROSE BENET ..... *Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN ..... *Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY ..... *Contributing Editor*

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to trace an action from its inception [illegible] diate conclusion. From this standpoint the theme of incest presents unusual [illegible] it is the act rather than its consequences which solicits our attention; the tragedy lies [illegible] incidence of an inevitable destiny, but [illegible] character of an immediate experience. [illegible] this point of view that Mr. Steele [illegible] theme, portraying with convincing [illegible] cision the psychological experiences produced by the situation which he postulates. But he has been deficient in resolution and in candor. He has refused to solve his situation in terms of its own explicit logic. He has preferred to evade the problem by resorting to a trick; the protagonist, together with the reader, discovers that the girl is the child of the dead wife by another man. At once the tragic elements of the situation disappear in an abrupt declension into unconvincing melodrama. The conflict, which up to this point has exhibited moral significance, suddenly collapses into the negligible problem of whether these two possess sufficient fortitude to defy an ubiquitous Mrs. Grundy who, having previously known them as father and child, will refuse to accept them as lover and mistress or husband and wife. By thus shifting his ground and evading the central problem of his subject, the author destroys its essential significance and its emotional import. The evasion is ineffectual; more importantly, it is invalidating.

Mr. Steele's irresponsibility toward his material is the more regrettable because of his very considerable resources as a novelist. He possesses an adequate control of his medium, and, as a consequence, the expression of his subject is achieved with consistent precision and felicity. His characters, swayed by intimate and abstruse motives which they comprehend but imperfectly, emerge lucidly to our perception. The recondite psychological experiences to which they submit are represented with scrupulous accuracy, and with a notable economy of analysis. The background of sea and sky and rocky shore is beautifully rendered.

But these merits of Mr. Steele's novel do not mitigate its failure. He has written a narrative rich in promise, but the promise is unfulfilled. He has intervened, as author, to save his characters from the commission of a sin, and himself from the solution of a problem. The effect of this intervention is to deprive his narrative of the inevitability, the passion, and the tragic mood which it so imperatively demands.

"An amusing set of letters," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "most of them unpublished, from Richardson to one of his lady devotees is coming into the saleroom shortly. Richardson's correspondent was Lady Echlin, the sister of Lady Bradshaigh, who lived near Wigan, and who was the high priestess, as it were, of the earnest and enthusiastic women who, in an atmosphere of tea and devotion, respectably worshipped the stout and sentimental printer of Fleet Street. The late Austin Dobson has a delightful essay about this famous Richardson coterie.

These admirers wrote him endless letters, discussing the characters in 'Clarissa' and 'Sir Charles Grandison,' and Richardson replied as endlessly and with a sort of serious unction. Lady Echlin lamented that Richardson did not reform Lovelace and allow him to marry Clarissa, but the artist in him very properly revolted against the suggestion. 'What an example so to reward a rake so atrocious! How had the moral of my work in that case been destroyed!'

One gets an impression of the nervous little man in his rural retirement at Parsons Green gravely pondering over the efforts of these elegant females to make him still further underline the moral of his creations. They seem to have understood everything about Richardson except his genius. He replies with elaborate compliments and carries on a sort of pious flirtation. Even the buckram perfections of Sir Charles Grandison were not stiff enough for these adoring women, and there is in the sale a letter which three young ladies wrote to him protesting against allowing his Christian hero to make mention of the name of God as a mere expletive."

Rainbows of Imagination

THUNDER ON THE LEFT. By Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by Leonard Bacon

MR. MORLEY'S novel has all the traits that have given him his well deserved reputation as an essayist. The gay, if occasionally sentimental, humor, the neat epigraphic turn of phrase, and a style which, if not always brilliant, is never dull or unelegant, all these virtues appear in full measure in "Thunder on the Left." In addition there is in the work the thrill which goes with any exploration of the unknown imagination when the explorer is a man of good faith and good humor. The book will certainly be read with pleasure by Mr. Morley's admirers, and may gain him new ones. And the faithful will note with satisfaction that their cynosure possesses a quality over and above all those which I have mentioned, namely a capacity to discriminate character and a felicity in expressing it which suggest development and increase of talent.

The scheme of the book is ingenious. At a birthday party a group of children debate the advantages and disadvantages of being grown up. The boy Martin wishes, as the candles are blown out, that he may never grow up. Then the story leaps forward twenty years, and we find some of the children of the party now more or less middle-aged at a week-end holiday. A strange man comes among them whom we presently recognize as the Martin of the birthday wish. A dissatisfied wife, Phyllis Granville, her unsatisfied husband, George, Joyce who gave the mouse to Martin all those years ago, and to whom George marries his not too effective mind, afford the materials of a plot which is at times too obvious and at times too subtle. Under the influence of the immortal boy, rather heavily disguised, the characters including the guests and the nursemaid are thrown into what has been described as a Peter Panic. But all knots are presently resolved, and the story, true to the age of relativity, annihilates time and returns twenty years to the birthday party leaving not a wrack behind.

Frankly, in the eyes of the reviewer, the book is at best a Pyrrhic Victory. In spite of the charm and wisdom with which it is written, it somehow manages to be neither whimsy nor fantasy. Mr. Morley's whims are gay, luminous, and charming. He is most at his ease before an open fire with a like-minded companion who can cap quotations with him from the pleasant books on the wall, and expatiate upon the humors of men. But in the wild and uncertain regions of the fantastic imagination he has rather the air of a New Englander lost in Tropical bush. He does not slide between the fronds of the tattacu and the cowfoot with the native's shadow-like grace. He plunges where those who are free of the forest glide silent as the beasts they track. And his humor and really sweet sentiment seem a bit trivial and pitiful against a psychological background which for all the really startling beauty of his descriptions has not been satisfactorily indicated.

The weak element of the story is Martin who is enigmatic without being interesting. He is supposed to be the *puer æternus* and a sort of shadow of an aspect of George Granville. But as someone remarked to me he is more like the village idiot. After all the *puer æternus* may be the village idiot, I suppose. Mr. Morley tells you that he exercises a nameless charm on the house party. It is nameless clearly enough, but where is the charm?

On the other hand the figure of Joyce is real and beautiful. Mr. Morley takes heart whenever she appears. His insight becomes sharper, his phrasing more exquisite and exciting the moment her adventures engage his attention. There is real subtlety in his tracking of the trouble of her spirit—a subtlety completely lacking in the development of the factitious whimsicality of Martin.

The gulf between the Africa of fantasy and the tame and ordered Europe of whimsy is hard to cross. Mr. Morley has made a valiant effort to find out the strange coast opposite those shores he knows so well.

He has found a wreath of sea-weed from a tropic reef. And were they really breakers that he heard booming when he was furthest South? Personally I think they were.

But it will be in another and a better book that Mr. Morley will tell us of his discoveries in the continent of fantasy, of camelopards drowsing in the mottled shadows, and fiery birds playing in the rainbows of the cataracts of the unknown imagination.

A Matriarchal Utopia

THE ISLAND OF THE GREAT MOTHER or THE MIRACLE OF L'ILE DES DAMES. By Gerhart Hauptmann. New York: B. W. Huebsch—The Viking Press. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by Edward Davison

THERE is a perennial fascination in Utopian literature which nothing but the dawn of Utopia itself will ever destroy. Now Gerhart Hauptmann, winner of the Nobel Prize, has added his name to the succession begun by Plato and carried into Europe by the genius of Sir Thomas More. "The Island of the Great Mother" is a book to compare favorably with the very best of Anatole France. Intellectually complex in conception, imaginatively simple in execution, imaginatively translated into English by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Muir (who have no finer feather to show in their literary bonnets), it furnishes the finest of all modern jokes at the expense of feminism. For all the fierceness of Hauptmann's irony his book is not offensive. The most ardent feminist might take pleasure in falling beneath his disguised lash. For there is a humane benevolence and intellectual tolerance in the satire which already has appeared in similar literature in the past. The satire is not blunted by these unusual elements: on the contrary it sharpens in proportion to their appearance. The author is not a fiery thinker among the icebergs of human theories, social or intellectual, but a mellowed observer, fed by tradition and experience which help him to translate his visions into literature with the brand of permanence upon it. His subject is not of an age, but for all time.

A hundred women, nearly all mature and educated, some of them particularly well-educated, are shipwrecked in the Utopian Archipelago. The only male survivor is a boy of twelve whose mother dies in the early pages of the romance. The eldest woman, an artist and philosopher, is elected President and the community begins to organize itself. The boy is carefully educated and gradually the women on the island (traditionally well provided with fruit, live-stock, and natural beauty) settle down into a fairly contented life. Then one of the women announces that she is to bear a child by divine conception. The name of the God is Mukalinda. The child, a boy, is eventually born and gradually the other women, unable to discover any traces of human agency, begin to accept the story. One by one Mukalinda visits them until only the President and a few of the older and wiser spirits remain immune.

This was the original miracle. The gradual growth of men children and the crisis when Manland invades Motherland need not be told, though, because it is the best part of the book, it ought to be read.

This, however, told badly, is all mere fairytale. The merit of the book lies rather in the author's running commentary and very closely woven symbolism, which extends even to the physical configuration of the Island.

Similarly Hauptmann's metaphysical speculations and sociological ideas stand out from the body of recent literature as the work of an intense and beautiful mind. It is a pity, almost, that there is nothing in the book to attract the antagonism of the Society for the Supervision of Vice. Lacking the advertisement which "Jurgen" received (and it is impossible not to compare the superficial character and symbolism of the two books) Hauptmann's masterpiece is not likely to take America by storm. The fact that it deserves an even greater success than Mr. Cabell's romance remains, however, indisputable. Mr. and Mrs. Muir have done a fine work in making this book available to the non-German reader.

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The Beauty of London

THE LONDON PERAMBULATOR. By JAMES BONE. Illustrated by Muirhead Bone. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by HULBERT FOOTNER

WHEN, more than a year ago, one began to hear of a book on London to be written by James Bone, with pictures by Muirhead Bone, one's mouth watered. Well, the book has come to hand, and one's anticipations are fulfilled; It is a Book! It has a tang of its own; when one thinks of it hereafter, as in thinking of a friend a special feeling will rise in the mind. It is the result of a happy collaboration such as can only take place once in a blue moon. The men happen to be brothers; but that is an accident; the grand fact is that in our day no better man could be found to write about the beauty of London than James Bone; nor, to limn it, a better one than Muirhead Bone.

The illustrator's qualifications are as well known on this side of the ocean as the other; his fame was founded on his etchings and drawings of London. The author has been the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* for more than twenty years; and during the whole of that time has lived in the Temple. Any qualified Londoner will tell you that James Bone knows more about "the City" (not in the Stock Exchange sense) than any man in London. As a Londoner maliciously expressed it: "He is the astonished provincial. He goes about looking for the sights we natives never heard of." What is no less important James Bone can write. He is the sublimated newspaperman; the reporter plus man-of-letters which this country unfortunately, seems not to foster. His association with the *Guardian* was another happy collaboration. No other newspaper, surely, would have encouraged him all these years to exploit the color of London, in which he so delights. To obtain the best picture of London you must read a Manchester paper.

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This is not a guide-book of course; it is a better guide than a guide book; it is an attempt to render the beauty of London. One who has not experienced London, or has but fleetingly experienced it may smile at the phrase; is not London the great wen? Certainly it is ugly; sometimes dreadfully ugly; few American cities can show a commoner street than the Strand between Trafalgar Square and Wellington Street; and James Bone does not blink it. Just the same, like certain ugly women, London simply bowls you over with an inexplicable charm. Paris is called a beautiful city, and Frenchmen never speak of its beauty; they are enamoured of its spirit; while London is called an ugly city, and Englishmen's hearts are stirred by its beauty. Englishmen rarely attempt to convey the spirit of London; it is too amorphous; it escapes them. But James Bone comes very near to doing it in his anecdote of the cockney recruit. To a Londoner London is, well, London! There is nothing to measure it by.

London, like Topsy, just growed. On the map of the present city you can still trace the lines of the little mediæval walled town, with its country roads radiating to all points like spokes—but not so straight as spokes. The wandering country roads are now the main thoroughfares; only a few new ones have been laid out. In between them anybody was free to lay off a little street, or a square of any width, length, or shape that might suit his fancy; sometimes these amateur streets connected up (with sundry jogs and angles) sometimes not. Only a few of the streets of London go anywhere in particular; and none of them match. This results in an unexpectedness which is one of the chief elements of London's beauty.

Another element is smoke. Smoke pervades London like a spirit. It coils in the closest cupboards of London houses. You are not aware of it until you leave London and look back. There you see it squatting with London in its embrace; a black spirit; a yellowish; or diaphanous and lovely. Once on a fair Whit-Monday I saw London without its smoke. It was beautiful then, too, but its spirit had fled.

In connection with the smoke, the indefensible English climate contributes its quota to London's beauty. Fog (there is a whole National Gallery of different fog effects), rain; shining pavements, diffracted sunlight, half-lights, and sudden, amazing clearness (See Muirhead Bone's drawing of the street in Bloomsbury) combine in ever-changing pictures. Confusion, grime, and watery vapors! queer components of beauty; but so it is. The Londoner vituperates them and loves them. One other thing must be added; the extraordinary dignity of the English character, which may co-exist with the worst possible taste. Even the horrors of the Victorian age have dignity.

It is all set forth in this fine book. The principal fault one can find is that it is not long enough. To convey the whole Mr. Bone limits himself to presenting little high lights, apparently chosen at random, but in reality the result of a canny selection. With a subject so vast, it was the only method, but it is tantalizing to the reader. The book reveals a shy man, with a sly, delightful humor. It is written with deep, quiet enjoyment. It is astonishing what a lot the author finds to say about London which has not been said before.

I have allowed myself but scant space to speak of the pictures. It must be left to another to point out their technical excellences; but one who loves London may testify to the delight they have given him. Pictures and text are wedded; each illustrates the other, and both make the book. Finally, on the wrapper of the book is to be found a fine wood-cut by Stephen Bone, still another member of this remarkable clan.

The Good Old Days

THEM WAS THE DAYS. From El Paso to Prohibition. By OWEN P. WHITE. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1925. $3.

MR. OWEN P. WHITE has written a delightful book. It is one of those rare books which, making no pretense to the "literary," is nevertheless instinct with a natural grace of expression. His primary impulse in writing it seems to have been supplied (as in the case of many a good book) by a sort of good-humored exasperation. The oldest native of El Paso, Texas, of American parentage, is provoked to scorn by the current style of Southwestern fiction. Surely nobody has a better right to correct the novelist than he. It may be pointed out though, that the right of primogeniture would have been of very little service to him, had he not also possessed the gift of expression that I speak of.

Having stated in his opening paragraph that most of the fiction written about his native country is pure bunk, he goes on to tell a story of gunmen (old-style), Apaches, greasers, cow-punchers, gamblers, painted ladies, cattle-rustlers, and Texas Rangers which is not so different after all from the picture called up in our minds by the novels though much more exciting; but there is a difference; and it is a difference which makes all the difference. The romantic smear is absent from Mr. White's picture; the colors are clear and true. This is first-hand stuff, rather than third or fourth-hand.

The old-timers of the West are invariably incited to ribaldry by Western fiction. Few of them can express their ideas so effectively as Mr. White; all they can do when certain popular authors are mentioned is to spit with emphasis. The sentiment is the same; and the reason is not far to seek. In a state of society which condoned every vice but this one, the practice of hypocrisy was sternly discouraged.

* * *

Well, if you prefer to take your bad men as the inhabitants of El Paso took their whiskey before they became enervated by Eastern influences, which is to say *straight*, here is Mr. White's book. All the elements which contributed to the unique fascination of life in the Southwest before it became civilized; recklessness, danger, courage, sin; the elaborate, derisive ritual of politeness; the racy, poetic speech are here; but more sharply delineated than in any novel of the Southwest that we have read; like freshly-minted coin.

Mr. White ends his book with a rather sheepish shrug of the shoulders, which is characteristic of the old-timer (we use old in the Western sense, for the author is still comparatively a young man.) His words about modern El Paso cannot but be depressing to all who have anything of the old-time spirit in them. He struggles to be humorous on the subject of playing golf; but it is not so funny. He has accepted the change. What else could he do? The only consistent old-timer we ever knew was the Hudson's Bay Trader at Fort St. John, who, when the first party of land-surveyors appeared in the neighborhood of his post, chucked his job, and disappeared in the direction of the Arctic Circle.

Lively Sketches

THE LITTLE WORLD. By STELLA BENSON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $2.50.

HAVE no fears that "The Little World" is not interesting and well-written and clever and alive. Stella Benson is never, in any of these respects, a disappointment; she is too expert a journalist to fail the readers who for her sake alone will wander through India and China, and go across the American continent, and touch Africa, and swelter in Aden. She makes these wanderings, usually so banal, as absorbing expeditions as they could be, and more absorbing than probably any other contemporary writer could make them. Her publishers are justified in saying that she avoids the commonplace and sees things in a new and original light. For one thing, she is often wise enough not to see things steadily and see them whole. In sketches of travel the whole of a view or an experience or an exotic impression is not likely to be half so attractive as a certain few of its details; beyond question only a few of the details can be original. Miss Benson goes in for these details, for oblique views, for undiscovered stances, for personality-plus handlings of the situation. She is personal, and she is what can best be termed impressionistic.

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At the same time her keen journalistic sense prevents her from being tenuous and jerky and indeterminate: she is not a creator of the familiar variety of "vignette." At the Grand Canyon she can stop long enough to paint for us, in a felicitously altered style, a vivid and appropriate picture before particularizing the vision with her own experiences and her satiric human contrasts. Also, she gives us, however individual the presentation, what she actually sees. She has imagination, and poetry, and style, and color, and second-sight; but in distinction to writers who can meet the world of concrete loveliness only with abstract descriptions, and the world of beauty only with rhapsody, she presents what she actually sees, and the reader sees what she presents. This is how she conducts one through Yunnan, and Indo-China, and Aden, and New Mexico.

* * *

Miss Benson has whipped "The Little World" together with an abundance of cleverness. Its gaily satiric bits, its witty observations, its expert garnering of humorous details, make the brine salty enough to prevent the possibility of failure from other sources. As single specimens, her discovery of an Annamite with a wrist-watch tattooed on his arm, or of certain mausoleums of the rich that were kept illuminated by night, or her saying that "New Orleans is a wet place surrounded by water" are of no great glitter; but as samples of what can be found on nearly every page, they vouchsafe the fact that this is neither a boring nor an insipid book. It is, as it should be, good journalism, for most of it first saw print in newspapers and periodicals. Not that Miss Benson has not half an eye on the *literati*, as when she calls three young egrets Edith, Osbert, and Sacheverell. Of sketches which were born separately, and first printed so, it is not unfair to say that even now one will enjoy them best reading a few at a time. They have about them too much of Miss Benson's personality, and they are too much of a geographical *pot-pourri*, to captivate at a single sitting.

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The Significance of Plato

DIALOGUES OF PLATO. Translated by B. Jowett. Revised Edition. New York: Oxford University Press. 5 vols. $25.

Reviewed by COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING
Author of "The Travel Diary of a Philosopher"

WHEN I first met that witty French philosophers, Gustave Le Bon, asked me: "Do you believe that Napoleon ever existed?" and gratified by my bewilderment, he went on: "There is a strong probability that he did not. Modern research has proved beyond doubt that the more witnesses there are of an event, the less does it seem possible to ascertain what really happened, for almost everybody affirms to have seen something different. Now there are so very many who pretend to have known or heard of Napoleon."

At the bottom of Le Bon's joke is a profound truth, and this it was, of course, that he really meant to convey: humanity does not recognize mere facts as values, and history is, therefore, anything but a record of past events. History really is a pageant of living symbols. Psychoanalysis has shown that no dream ought to be taken literally—its facts always are the mere outward expression of underlying significance. In exactly the same sense humanity remembers from the past only such facts as can act as symbols of an everlasting present. This is the reason why in the early ages only myths were remembered at all and why even today every personality of importance gradually becomes transmuted, in the popular mind, according to the laws of mythology.

If this is so, there never is any need at all to dive into the depths of the past in order to understand the significance of a great man: his greatness, if permanently recognized, means permanent significance.

This leads me to Plato. No philosopher ever so quickly became a myth as he. Almost everyone of his disciples and followers interpreted his teachings in a different way, so much so that the facts already appeared obscured a short time after his death. A little later his legend developed into two complementary opposites. On the one side was the image, so often found recorded in sculpture, of Dionysoplaton, where the philosopher appeared fused with the God of reckless vitality; on the other hand Plato was chiefly thought of as the inventor of so-called platonic love. Later still the most Greek and therefore pagan of thinkers became one of the pillars of Christian thought. Nor did the mythological transformation stop there. In our days we find Walter Pater transforming Plato into the ancestor of the modern art-critic and æsthete, and Paul Natorp into the forerunner of latter-day critical philosophy. To Natorp Plato's "idea" is almost identical with the modern concept of a natural law. With all that, Plato's writings are there. And they certainly do mean something definite, just as every living person is something quite definite for himself, whatsoever other people may think.

* * *

Well, Plato is still alive, and more so than any other philosopher in history, *just because everybody may understand him differently according to his own needs.* This is the point. No one really cares for anybody else than himself. The lover of humanity differs from the egotist only in this that his own self is a greater and wider entity. Poems are being read, because the art of the author evokes feelings in the readers which are theirs potentially, but which could never become conscious without help. Just so Plato has been, and always will be read, because the synthesis of his personality, his mind, and his art means a unique "evoker" of the philosopher in every man.

Plato is unique firstly, because he is the greatest writer among philosophers. Secondly, because he is of all thinkers the greatest poet and therefore appeals to feeling as much as to thought. Thirdly, because he is, among philosophers, the most accomplished *man*. Whosoever reads Jowett's translation of Plato's works, the best in existence, will realize this at once. But even all this would not suffice to make of Plato one of the greatest figures in history. Plato is able to call to life, as no one else can, the philosopher in each and all, because he is the most archaic of articulate thinkers. This sounds paradoxical, yet it is so. What we call original in life and art corresponds not to an adverse state, but to the state of the child. The great outlines of everything are there, on the one hand, in the clear form of a sketch, and on the other hand, every single thing that may later develop is present in the form of a germ. In what appears to be simple all possible complexity is therefore involved; archaic art is the one all-inclusive art. Now in Plato we find foremost the general outlines of every possible philosophy in the western and modern sense. But in the concrete his philosophy represents that vital synthesis of thought, feeling, myth, imagination, critique, poetry, romance, and simple expression of life, which lies on *this* side of all possible differentiation; it represents not the ultimate, but the primary synthesis; its perfection corresponds to that of the child. And what new perfection ever came from anything but a new childhood? Whosoever understands Plato perfectly, comes into touch with the creative child within himself, which, as it develops, enables him to look at the world as a philosopher himself.

Catherine the Little

CATHERINE THE GREAT. By KATHERINE ANTHONY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $4.

Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT
Harvard University

THE biographer of Margaret Fuller has turned her talents to a figure so different from that of the Boston priestess of Transcendantalism that one may be permitted to wonder not only at her versatility but at the catholicity of her sympathies. The present volume is described by its publisher as a "picture that is historically authentic and psychologically sound" written "in a sophisticated but sympathetic manner." It is, at any rate, a lively piece of narrative. Its subject—to quote the publisher again—"one of the most striking egoists among that supremely egoistic class, the feminine sovereign," lends herself to picturesque biographical writing. The rise of the petty German princess to the throne of Russia has few parallels in literature since Cinderella, and the author makes the most of it. Indeed the early part of the volume seems in many ways the best; and, like many good stories, it becomes of less interest in its later pages.

* * *

To history, in the sense of an addition to the mass of facts and conclusions relating to the past, it can hardly be claimed that this book offers much of a contribution. Everything in it has, to all intents and purposes, been known before. The labors of Waliszweski in his "Roman d'une Impératrice" and its companion volumes have so lightened the labors of his successors in the field of the biography of Catherine II that it is hardly to be expected that Miss Anthony could go much beyond his researches. But his books are now some thirty years old, they were written in French, they are obviously not at the immediate disposal of those into whose hands her work is likely to fall, and it would thus seem not inappropriate to issue an English account of the Empress.

The present volume is scarcely to be regarded as a history of the life and times of the Empress in any large sense. It is rather personal than political; and if one reckons the pages which concern themselves with Catherine's "lovers" beside those which relate to the one thing which makes her life of any importance to the world, her share in the politics of her time—that is to say if Catherine is to be considered important not as a rather disgusting old woman but as the ruler of a powerful state in a great period of history—he may possibly be disappointed. It seems unfortunate to one reader at least that the author's undoubted talent for narrative should be expended upon the gossipy and far from edifying intrigues of an immoral woman who happened by a curious chance of fate to occupy the throne of Russia, than upon the larger issues of the time and the influence which she had upon them. That, however, is a matter of perspective—and perhaps also of taste, concerning which, we are told, there is no disputing.

More Page Letters

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE. Edited by BURTON J. HENDRICK. Vol. III. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by BAINBRIDGE COLBY

THE third volume of the Life and Letters of Walter H. Page completes this highly interesting series. Like its predecessors, volumes I and II, it reflects great credit upon the literary craftsmanship of Mr. Burton Hendrick and the book fabricating of Doubleday, Page & Company.

The letters, somewhat sententiously reserved until the deaths of Mr. Page and President Wilson, to whom most are addressed, have the discursiveness, the vivid personal quality, the constant and shifting interest which the reading public now associates with the work of Mr. Page. He could write. There is no question of that and he had that combination of journalistic sense and literary flavor which is found in the best periodical literature. Ample praise has been bestowed upon the Page letters in these respects and the final volume contains nothing that demands qualification of or recession from the highly favorable estimate with which the earlier volumes were received.

The question which now looms upon the horizon in estimating this important work is how it will be judged from the standpoint of history. As readable and saleable miscellany its position is assured, but the point which strikes the reader in the final volume is that the letters, interesting as they are, were unanswered. It is a uni-lateral correspondence. Mr. Hendrick on page 259 says: "In the whole course of the war, Page received only thirteen letters from Mr. Wilson; several are extremely brief, introducing friends; others, also brief, concern merely routine matters. Only occasionally does the President make any reference to public questions, and not once does he discuss them in any detail."

This tells, if not the whole story, a large part of it, and it brings up that interesting consideration, the position of a War President with relation to his excellent and zealous subordinates who from the best of motives wanted to tell him what to do. I know something of this phase of the war. I saw much of it. I was in close contact with the President during some dramatic and critical moments in the course of the War. I remember, one time in a moment of relaxation, the President said to me: "You know, Colby, I have come to the conclusion that the chief duty devolving upon the President of the United States in war time is to keep his shirt on." And in the great assemblage of the nation's capacity and experience, which was effected regardless of partisan considerations, it was amusing to see the wholesale grocer, or the leading lawyer, or the foremost steel maker from Muskegon, or Ottumwa, or Sedalia, or Kansas City, or Denver, or Seattle on receiving an invitation, or I might say a summons, to put their experience and trained capacity at the service of the Government, come to Washington. They came on the first train. They rushed from the station to the hotel with a bustle of importance and with that egotism which not only afflicts man, but so often explains his success and survival. They felt that they had been called none too soon. The call was "from country." Their capabilities, at least they fully appreciated. They were going to change things in a jiffy. They had the ordinary business man's feelings that government was a mass of red tape and imbecility. They would alter that and they would reform it out of hand. But then, *mirabile dictu*, they encountered something,—something they had never met before. They ran head on into a great, big, immitigable and time built face,—"government," or if you will, call it Washington.

There was a sense of the public hanging over Washington,—a sense of public opinion. There was the politician's reaching for support. Washington was not a mass of origins. It was a sounding board which registered the repercussions of the people's thought. The men in Washington momentarily gripped the thought of the people, but the energizing vigor and power of the people's thought had deeper and remoter springs than Washington. There was a long period before the country was ready for war. There is more to

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"preparedness" than Plattsburgh camps and massed guns and assembled aeroplanes. There is a preparedness of insight and perception and of resolve and of responsibility. That was the field of preparedness in which the President of the United States, almost alone, performed his labors. He was no drill master. He did not head a commissariat charged with the mobilization of material. He was drafting and assembling and unifying the nation's spirit and its purpose and those deep lying forces of the will that underlay and animated the material side of the country's effort.

Page was an amateur Ambassador,—let me hasten to add, a very good one. Let it not be understood that I speak, in the least degree, in his disparagement. But he had read the histories of diplomacy. His conception of an ambassador was that of a representative of his sovereign, who in turn had the right of free access to the sovereign to which he was accredited. This is all very pretty. It is in accordance with history and tradition but it is a survival of conditions that no longer exist. There was a time when ambassadors were sent on sailing ships to their posts. There were no telegraph lines to their home capitols. The news gathering agencies were unborn. Mr. Page, and he is not singular in this respect, had an idea that he must acquaint his Chief of State with things that were whispered and things that were half uttered, with things that were only half revealed, which happened at the capitol to which he had been sent. He did not realize that the hundreds of despatches which are daily received from the diplomatic and consular agents of the United States are far beyond the power of the Secretary of State to daily read and digest and that they are turned over to subordinates for the purpose of winnowing the occasional and intermittent grain in the mass of chaff.

The knowledge of the war's progress from hour to hour, reported upon the minute and flashed upon the sun, was contained in the Associated Press reports and those of other organized agencies of news collection and distribution. Furthermore, Washington in some respects was the foremost capital of the Allied world during the war. The best informed Frenchmen and Italians and Englishmen were stationed in Washington. They had free access to the President. He knew what he should know. He was not groping in the dark. He was the busiest man in the world and had no more time for ambassadorial miscellanies than he had for Macaulay's Essays or Bagehot's treatises on public finance.

Mr. Page forgot this or at least he was not sensible of it, and while his letters make a pretty literary legacy and will fill a comfortable niche in many a library, they fell in their coefficients far below the plane of Presidential attention and concern during the war.

Page had the good fortune, and also the misfortune to be sent to the Court of St. James. There is no foreign office in the world so mature, so experienced, with technique so perfect as the British Foreign Office. The Prime Minister of England is denied by his very position the luxury of principle. When he gets up in the morning, the questions that greet him are so multifold, so various, that all he can do is to hope to get through the day without disaster.

They involve the religious questions of Asia. They involve questions of caste in India. They involve questions of racial predominance in South Africa and then there are a host of minor questions arising in the distant longitudes of the Straits Settlement, China, Persia, Egypt, to say nothing of the highly sensitized local prejudices of the Dominions, New Zealand, Australia, and Canada. There is the alliance between the transport workers and the miners in England, the occupied area of Germany, French susceptibilities, Irish susceptibilities, Asiatic susceptibilities, South American trade, Anglo-American solidarity, the English Speaking Union and whatnot. If he can retire at night and feel that no tower has toppled, no structure been razed, no vista closed, no possibility of beneficial result to the British Empire blocked, he has done a good day's work. And then they have over there, the pomp and circumstance and consideration of ancient and well tried habits and comely usages, to which our men are unaccustomed and fall ready victims.

I had occasion during one of the darkest hours of the War to visit England on an official mission and when I took my leave of the President at the White House he said to me: "Now be an American. Our men only last about six months in England and then they become Anglicized." The President referred to that subtle and encompassing and penetrating charm which is English. I think Page fell a victim to it. He took absolutely the English view of the controversies that arose during the War about our neutral rights. He saw with the vividness of close proximity the great issue of freedom as opposed to autocracy. It impaired his intellectual refraction. It distorted the angles of his vision. His sincerity is beyond question and his popular success in England was unmistakable, but he had ceased to be a serviceable spokesman of the President or a dependable Ambassador of the United States.

Hence Colonel House and his unofficial mission. Hence the estrangement of Page from the President,—and a Presidential silence that was considerate but knowing; followed by a course that was independent of his Ambassador, but right.

Hindenburg's Officer

THE WAR OF LOST OPPORTUNITIES. By General von Hoffmann. New York: International Publishers. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by Major T. H. Thomas

THE appearance of General von Hoffmann's book is interesting first of all as an exception to a general rule. English and American publishers have left severely alone war books by subordinate but highly competent German officers, venturing only upon general works by more eminent figures. As a result our reading public has had a surfeit of propaganda and apologia, but hardly a taste of the more accurate and matter of fact works which have appeared on the Continent during the last few years.

General von Hoffmann's book, it must be confessed, belongs only in part to the latter class. The "lost opportunities" which provide his rather pretentious title, prove to be largely a set of somewhat off-hand personal judgments on the larger strategical questions of the war: his method is to note the plan adopted in every instance, and then to argue that a directly opposite decision would have saved the day. This retrospective wisdom is a very common quality, and leads to the familiar arm-chair strategy by means of which any one could have won the war. Briefly stated, the author's general thesis is that of an out and out "Easterner." He blames Falkenhayn for not adopting the Hindenburg-Ludendorff notions during 1914 and 1915, while after that the Great Pair were to blame for not following his own. This whole case rests indirectly on judgments of the situation on the Western Front, and as von Hoffman was never there his judgment is of little value and even of little interest.

On the other hand, the author's narrative of what actually took place in the East is first-hand evidence of great value. Here he was on his own ground: trained as a specialist in Russian affairs, he had a thorough knowledge of the Russian army and of the problems to be met on the Eastern Front. When war came he was senior General Staff Officer to Von Prittwitz in East Prussia, and continued in his post under Hindenburg. When the latter was given the Supreme Command in 1916, von Hoffman succeeded Ludendorff as Chief of Staff on the Eastern Front. He came into the public eye as the military member of the commission which forced the peace of Brest on the Bolsheviks; and his account of this episode is highly entertaining. Von Hoffman opposed the German reply to the Russian proposals "because at bottom it was a lie",—and furthermore opposed the whole programme for the annexation of Poland. For this Ludendorff turned on him and demanded his dismissal, but the Kaiser after yielding on Poland managed to cover von Hoffmann.

Von Hoffmann's frankness puts more than one familiar event in the East in quite a new light. He states bluntly that von Hutier's famous attack on Riga, which has always been taken as the technical inspiration for the offensive of March 21st, proved to be a mere manœuvre. "The crossing was effected almost in play. . . . Already long before our attack the Russians had evacuated, of their own free will, the western part of the Riga bridgehead, and they evacuated the remainder with feverish haste when the attack began. . ." He revises even more drastically the traditional account of Hindenburg-Ludendorff arriving (Sheridan's ride fashion) just in time to turn disaster into victory at Tannenberg. Although the aged von Prittwitz had lost his nerve and actually ordered a retreat behind the Vistula, his Staff convinced him that he could not make the retreat without first giving battle to Samsonov. "Accordingly, orders were given on the evening of the 20th (some days before Hindenburg's arrival) which formed the basis of the battle of Tannenberg." Moltke, however, had been notified of the first decision but not of the change of plan, and promptly relieved Prittwitz. Hindenburg arrived to find the Army assembling for battle, instead of in full retreat as he expected; he approved the orders already issued and carried them through. The author does not regret that Hindenburg took von Prittwitz's place, but in fairness to the latter he ventures the opinion that a victory would have been won at Tannenberg even if there had been no change of command.

Much of General von Hoffmann's text has obviously no meaning to his translator; and regulation military terms of the German original are often merely guessed at. At the very start we come face to face with the most comic of these blunders: in the process of rendering his full name, poor old Prittwitz—Generaloberst von Prittwitz und Gaffron—is split into two: "the Colonel Generals von Prittwitz and Gaffron"—and thenceforth referred to in the plural as "they". Evidently the translator jumped to the conclusion that on the Eastern front twin Commanders-in-Chief were a special provision of nature.

Drugs and Genius

GENIUS AND DISASTER. By Jeannette Marks. New York: The Adelphi Co. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by Carty Ranck

MISS JEANNETTE MARKS is Professor of English at Mount Holyoke College and for many years she has made a close study of the psychology of drug addiction. Several years ago she contributed a provocative paper to the *Yale Review* in which she attempted to show the effects of drug addiction upon the work of Edgar Allan Poe and other writers of genius. Now, in "Genius and Disaster" she elaborates her theories regarding the effects of alcoholism and drugs upon creative genius and gives the reader penetrating studies of Poe, Swinburne, Thomas De Quincey, Coleridge, Rossetti, James Thomson, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Francis Thompson.

Let us state at the outset that we are not in sympathy with Miss Mark's views. It is our conviction that all these writers mentioned would have written the same sort of literature if their daily diet had been peanut butter or milk chocolate. They were by nature morbid and moody and the fact that their work contains nightmarish patches of horror and stark tragedy is no more due to drugs than it is to the natural reaction of all thoughtful natures to the grim relentlessness of life. Some of them, it is true, tried to get more out of life than there is in it—but does this point to opium or alcohol? Surely there is no saner writer of English than Thomas Hardy and yet his work is packed with the sense of impending doom. Every thinking man and woman feels the futility of life and its stark tragedy. Then how much more poignantly does the drama progress for the man of genius who sees with clairvoyant vision the end of the play?

In speaking of James Thomson's fine poem "The City of Dreadful Night" Miss Marks says:

> Several are the evidences of opium-taking in this great poem. That sense not only of the dragging foot of misery but of the endlessness of time is one of the mental stigmata of opium addiction.

Come, come, Miss Marks, this is a bit far-fetched! Thomson had a vivid imagination, he was keenly sensitive to suffering, and, God knows, the poor devil suffered enough, but to say that his graphic description of the horrors of insomnia was due to opium is no more convincing than to say that a newspaperman must be a potential murderer when he writes a convincing account of a murder.

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However, whether you agree with Miss Marks's views or not, you will find this an engaging brilliant piece of creative criticism. The book is absorbing. It grips the reader's interest and holds it to the last page. Furthermore, it is delightfully written. Miss Marks's English is sensitive and sentient. Her chapter on Edgar Allan Poe is an example of sharply etched characterization and critical acumen that one must go far to match. It is one of the most masterly studies of Poe that we have encountered—and the fairest. And its English might well serve as a model for writers who are striving to lift the language out of the slovenly slough into which it appears to have fallen. One also feels behind the book a keen intelligence and a warm and friendly sympathy for all unfortunate children of genius who have strayed afield.

A Happy Venture

PUNCH AND JUDY. With an introduction by CHARLES H. GRANDGENT. Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Cambridge, Mass.: Washburn & Thomas. 1925. $1.50.

Reviewed by RACHEL FIELD

TO COME upon such a little book as this, in such gay magenta covers, with "the tragical comedy or the comical tragedy" of Mr. Punch inside and pictures by George Cruikshank himself, is like finding the legendary strawberries growing in December snows! It almost makes up for having had to grow up ourselves in a time when Punch and Judy shows were out of favor, for here are Mr. Punch and all his companions,—alive as only the pen of George Cruikshank could make them. In a biographical note we learn in the famous illustrator's own words how he and Mr. Payne Collier, publisher and transcriber, conceived the idea of immortalizing this old friend of their boyhood days; of how they discovered an elderly Italian proprietor of such a show and induced him to give a special performance for their benefit in an Inn yard near Drury Lane; and of their own faithful setting down of each line and move of the miniature characters.

* * *

As Professor Grandgent points out in his charming little introductory note, Mr. Punch is a sort of universal Bad Boy, whose appeal is irresistible because we see in him all our own repressed desires and latent badnesses. We might also add that if a villain is bad *enough* he may become the greatest of heroes, and herein lies another reason for Mr. Punch's popularity! And with what zest and bravado and glorious simplicity he swaggers forth to meet life! If his wife and child annoy him, he promptly and gleefully kills them; when a policeman interferes he clubs him with ease and efficiency; the hangman who would administer justice is soon dangling by his own rope; and when at last, after a joyful and overcrowded career of crime, the Devil comes to claim him, Mr. Punch overthrows even this past master of his own art. No wonder that little boys, soldiers, tradesmen, Cockney mothers and babies in bonnets, hawkers and even an Earl or two paused spellbound before such a spectacle! We feel more than ever resentful at being cheated out of a great and satisfying experience by Progress or whatever is responsible for the banishment of such a penny's worth of pleasure. But thanks to the gorgeously quaint and humorous sketches of Cruikshank we can still see the gay and indomitable little hero with his grin and hook nose, his peaked cap and his trusty stick; thanks to Mr. Collier's careful transcription, we may also catch the echo of his conversation, that curious and delectable jargon of profanity, grandiloquence, and baby talk, interspersed with snatches of old songs and nursery rhymes, and thanks most of all to the Publishing House of Washburn and Thomas for reviving him again after forty years. We may enjoy his antics at the price of a balcony seat, minus war tax!

If this new Firm never publish another volume we shall always remember them with gratefulness for this one. But we hope there are many, many more already on their presses, all with as gay covers without and as much treasure within.

Two Women Mystics

TROY PARK. By EDITH SITWELL. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $1.75.

LAVA LANE. By NATHALIA CRANE. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1925. $1.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

SO MUCH nonsense has been written about Edith Sitwell that the term "mystic" as applied to her will occasion both resentment and skepticism. Yet the appellation will surprise only those who never cared to see through the glassy surface of her work. To these skeptical readers, Miss Sitwell will always be the artificer of a *papier maché* universe, a sardonic juggler amusing herself in a world where grass is shrill as a parakeet and fire furry as a cinnamon bear, where rains hang like wooden stalactites, where the only music is the metallic chatter of the xylophone, and where the creaking air, combed seas, and spangled emotions are equally automatic. Miss Sitwell's earlier poetry warranted at least part of her antagonists' prejudice; even her "Bucolic Comedies" were not free of a precocity which sometimes strained itself to the point of strangulation. But, even in the most bizarre moments, her ironic vigor was—or should have been—obvious. In "The Sleeping Beauty" it emphasized the poet's growing concern with the pathos of daily frustration; in "Troy Park" her occupation with the human drama is apparent to anyone who will read the first thirty pages. Here man's hunger for beauty is no longer seen as a pitiful play, something between a pointless game and a brutal joke, but as an insatiate passion. "Troy Park" is, without doubt, the most subjective of Miss Sitwell's volumes. It is, at times, actually autobiographical; the first poem reveals the author more fully than most self descriptions, "Colonel Fantock" is even more definite, and those who know her brothers Osbert and Sacheverell will have little difficulty identifying them with "Dagobert" and "Peregrine."

But Miss Sitwell's increase in communication of the emotions has not dulled her imaginative vigor. Her pages sparkle with observations that are both fantastic and exact; she speaks of "the goat-foot waves," "a strawberry-fresh wind," a cheek like a pink apple "country-sleek," "the unattainable brightness of the air," a land so "austere and elegant" that its castle seemed "an arabesque in music;" she sees "a limp and helpless breeze" among "periwigged and snuffy trees." No one on either side of the Atlantic can surpass her verbal effects when she strikes the *macabre* note. Here, in the finale of "The Punch and Judy Show," is the strain played in one of her favorite keys:

The small wind, sour as unripe grapes,
Hardens the mind into new shapes,

And my black hair seems like the frondage
Feathered life grew when the bondage

Of earth-sense broke, and music shrilled
Into new sense that thrilled and killed

And grew to Love . . . Between the trees,
(Metallic cranes to lift degrees

Of feathered life from that below)
I see a Punch and Judy show.

And all the green blood in my veins
Seems jerked up on those trees' tall cranes,

Mimics each puppet's leap and cry,
Shrills to the Void, hung up on high,

Limp in bright crackling rags of laughter,
Ventriloquism following after

Dictates of strings my ancestors
Jerk from my memory's corridors.

This, it must be conceded by Miss Sitwell's most determined opponents, is metaphysics of a fresh if acrid sort. Such couplets permit one to realize how the author of the earlier "Wooden Pegasus" has happened to write some of the best modern nursery rhymes of our day. Differing from the more decorous fancies of Walter de la Mare, Miss Sitwell's figures delight in outrageous colors and methodically mad handsprings; she discloses herself frequently as a Mother Goose who is, at the same time, a sober symbolist and an impudent futurist. In her mingling of spiritual realities and visual distortions, she is the child grown up, innocently absurd, absurdly wise, tossing her incongruous images in the bewildered air.

* * *

If Edith Sitwell is the child grown up, Nathalia Crane (age twelve) is the adept grown down. To rank Nathalia with Marjorie Fleming and other infant prodigies is to stress the precocity of her work at the expense of the more elemental spirit which informs it; for, though the author of "The Janitor's Boy" and "Lava Lane" is not yet in her 'teens, she is—as any half-dozen of her more important poems reveal—a mystic. Her poem "The Vestal" is already famous as a divination which might have been found among the papers of Emily Dickinson, while such *naïvetés* as "The First Reformer," "The Making of a Saint," "The Playbox," and "The Refugee" (from the new volume) are equally startling intimations. These poems thrill the reader not merely because they were somehow written by a child but because they exist. How few of our most representative poets have packed so much intuitive wisdom in four lines as has Nathalia in this quatrain:

DESTINY

The wind doth wander up and down
Forever seeking for a crown;
The rose in stillness on a stem
Inherits love's own diadem.

Not that Nathalia's poetry is without its blemishes. Truly a child in her fondness for long and unusual words, she is drawn to use such *curiosa* as "blastoderm," "sindon," "parasang," "cicatrix," "gabardine," "nullah," "cincture," where other terms would be not only simpler but more exact. These words, embedded in a language that is, for the most part, Nathalia's own, form a queer jumble of childlike speech and pedantic archaisms. Considered purely as craftsmanship, her verse is a similar mixture; it is by turns straightforward and involved, simple in outline but confusing in detail. Her overweening love of alliteration mars many of her best passages; not even Swinburne has been so lavish in the exploitation of his weakness. Thus Nathalia:

Conquered by confusing quests
The doves drift down to dine

. . . . .

The pansies were painted in postures;
The rover returns to the rose.

. . . . .

The gloss for the golden guidons.

But, whether the occasional excesses will grow or disappear, this work is, today, something more remarkable than a mere phenomenon. None of Nathalia's *confrères* has expressed deeper implications than are recorded in a dozen of her new poems. She possesses intuitive wisdom beyond accumulated knowledge. What is criticism to say in the face of such a fragment as:

I shall go back to the sea-shell,
Beginning all over again.
Back to the heart of the garnet,
Back to the butterfly's vein.

I shall escape all the scholars,
Giants who chant of belief;
Pebbles will open their caverns,
Pastures will call from a leaf.

What can any reader—especially if he also happens to be a writer—do but gasp when confronted by phrases like "The æons ran like rain," "The fountains jetted slowly in the faith that they would last," "a summer incantation tied the shimmer to the trees," "A planet held the plumb-line," "Your towers turned to torrents, your walls waved like a fan" (this refers to Babel), "Finding the stars in an atom?" These are, it seems to me, baffling ultimates. And yet the metaphysical Nathalia can be as sweetly simple as her concluding poem:

THE DISCOVERER

Mystical, sorrowful, stiff and still,
A sparrow stood on a wintry sill.

The night-wind laden with icy sleet
Ruffled his feathers and stung his feet,

But his right eye peered through a window pane
And visioned the warmth of a June-time lane.

He saw the lights from a fireplace fall
Over the patterns on somebody's wall.

His heart was thrilled by a paper rose—
He had found at last where the summer goes.

Such lines written by a child of twelve may prompt a hundred questions. But the poetry of "Lava Lane" is its own answer.

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A Cross Section

THE ADVENTURES OF AN ILLUSTRATOR MOSTLY IN FOLLOWING HIS AUTHORS IN AMERICA & EUROPE. By JOSEPH PENNELL. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1925. $12.50.

Reviewed by Frank Weitenkampf

THIS autobiography of "the most inoffensive and indefensive of mortals" (so he says himself) offers a cross section of Jo Pennell the man, capable, with an unquenchable love of beauty "that most people know nothing of," self-assertive, cantankerous, and—yes—lovable. For there is another side to him from the one apparently indicated, on the end papers, by his printer's signature "imp." And he has his moments of doubt: "Ropes took to me, as very few people do—or is it I who keep people off?"

He is aware of his merits. "I alone could have done what I did;" "knowing more than the whole lot put together." Yet he confesses: "I knew exactly what I wanted to do, but rarely knew whether I could do it, and I never did it as I wished." Or again: "Had I been properly taught my craft, I would have been able to do far more and far better."

His antipathies are aired: G. B. Shaw, the Anglo-Saxon race ("which loves banalities, boorishness, and buncombe"), Philadelphia, columnists, Roosevelt, "the encouragement of art as now practiced," daylight saving, Mrs. Humphry Ward ("paragon of dreariness"), the comic strip, prohibition, tourists in the devastated regions of France, art editors of to-day, after-dinner speeches, standardizing, boy scouts, "free loafing libraries," ladies' magazines, architectural restorations, the United States (land of humbug, "a race of cocksure imbeciles"), and war, especially the Great War. Few of these dislikes would not be shared by one or the other—often many others—of his readers. He has likes, too: Beardsley, the "near-to-Godness" of the Friends' meeting-house, John Van Dyke ("the only authoritative critic"), Thomas Nast, E. J. Sullivan (to-day "no one capable save us"), and, of course, Whistler, whose weaknesses are delicately hinted at. Exhilarating it all is. You may be amused, annoyed, enraged, but you are made to think—if you care to. With all this attitude towards the world a sense of humor almost boyish will crop up—descriptions of a Russian lady in a Pullman car, of Henry James in a red undershirt, of the rehearsal of the coronation of George V.

There are interesting sidelights on the history of illustration. One wishes for more of this, although he has told it all in his "Pen Drawing," for some reproductions of drawings by men—such as Brennan, "finest technician of America"—who, with Pennell, made famous that period (in the eighties and nineties) of fine pen draughtsmanship in this country. The author has that period in mind when he writes: "illustration is a most serious, a most important form of art, in which we Americans have made a greater international reputation than in any other." To-day he finds "American illustration is the most contemptible and artless in the world." He states two facts ("we must carry on a tradition" and "art means the hardest work in the world"), disregard of which is at the root of some conditions which he deplores.

Many of the people whom Pennell has met pass across these pages. Some merely pass; others stay long enough for one to get a better look at them. What an array! Whitman, C. G. Leland, James, Corelli, Wilde, G. W. Cable, E. G. Kennedy, C. A. Platt, Conrad, Kennan, Kropotkin (who gets no chance to argue while Jo. P. is "telling him"), Hewlett, F. Marion Crawford, H. G. Wells, Howells, Hamerton, Hop Smith, Timothy Cole (pictured with chin whiskers), and A. W. Drake, to whose work in the art department of the *Century* Pennell again pays warm and graceful tribute. The illustrator's relations with his authors is amusingly illumined. Sometimes we get an intimate sketch, as of Ellen Terry rougish behind the scenes. And there are hints at the charm of the social life which centred about the Pennell home in London.

When you have read the description of certain sordid and ghastly war business, and the plaint wrung from a disgusted and weary soul: "I suffer still when I see the old world jazzing on its ruins," you rather understand. "All I want is to make some record of what was done when the world was worth living in." At the end comes the admission: "It is good to have lived, to have *adventured, to have known, and to remember.*" And just below is reproduced a photograph of Pennell and his life companion at the window of their Brooklyn home, looking out on the beautiful vista of New York harbor, which, dimly seen, seems like a promise of beauty unchangeable. The slightly stooping figure of the artist has an air perhaps a bit resigned, but one feels a spirit of steadfast adherence to ideals which actuate the finest impulses of this man and his most notable achievement as an artist.

The Wax Works

By JOHN FREEMAN

Madame Tussaud's—Perished by Flame, 18th March 1925
(*Bartholomew Crump, janitor, died on Maundy Thursday, 9th. April* 1925, *three weeks after the burning.*)

"WHY are you wandering, Bartholomew, so sadly,
With bony sharp chin plunged into your breast,
And feet shimble-shamble and knees knock-a-knocking,
And fingers a-twitching and eyes never at rest?

Men all must die, and were you immortal
That now you look gloomy as tricked out of breath?
Was life all so easy, age so delightful,
That now so morosely you murmur at death?

Long ere you died you were dead, Bartholomew,
And rattled your thigh-bones in mounting the stairs,
And now like the dead that gloomed at you from cases,
O creaking Effigy! your glassy eye glares.

Even then, like the dead, your frogged uniform covered
Scarce coördinate bones and creased parchment-*like* skin;
You smelt dusty and camphored to keep the moth from you,
And your lungs but half filled and your heart beat thin. . . .

Long ere you died you were dead, and I pitied you.
Why, then, now you've left all the counterfeit dead,
And another in your frogged coat will cry, *This way, please,*
Why's your hand shaking, dejected your head?"

"I know you well, Sir, —"
"Speak up, I scarce hear you:
Bless me, how your tongue hangs"
"—Sir, I know you well,
I know you, I say. But O, Sir, have patience.
'Tis my grief that speaks—O, how shall I tell!"

"Take your time, Bartholomew — a slice of eternity
Will never be missed, a thousand years is to run
To twilight, and then five thousand to morning.
Speak when you're ready: no—never mind—sit down."

. . . .

"'Twas untrue that you spoke—how long ere I died
I was like all those dead, mere dust and a smell.
I'd watched them, talked of them, ay, and listened when
One another they whispered; 'twas like a low bell.

That goes rolling and returning from stone on to stone,
For one note a hundred, then dying away.
If I moved their looks followed me, when I rested they rested,
I was wax to their wax, they were clay to my clay.

And all that is past. Now here am I, lonely,
And like the dust sleeping when no wind stirs.
And they too are perished and here am I, lonely,
And no one to pity, for no one cares."

"—Poor silly Bartholomew. They were all unreal,
Dumb figures, mere wax-works, simulacra and shows.
Absurd you should think them alive and articulate,
And now go lamenting that nobody knows.

Here in the world of the Shades, undying,
Here all is simple and soothlike and dimmed—
Here are King, Pope, Courtier and all Cornality,
Queens, and supplanters of Queens light-limbed.

That was Helen paused here but a moment ago,
And Mary the Scot paced proudly away;
Lascivious Priests edged after the pair of them,
And a starry Admiral glittered like day.

Here, Bartholomew, here's life indeed,
Change-defeating and old Death outfacing,
All as they were and evermore shall be
In the ancient habiliment and customed pacing.

Here's life, Bartholomew—*Life!* What more?"
"— There's none of them here I knew, as I knew them.
The ruddy are pale, the splendid are fallen,
O, Sir, these are not as the artist once drew them.

'Tis all my grief! O the fire that upwrithed
Like a snake through the stairway's lit fissure and crept
On a puffing air, and then like a Dragon,
A dragonish Death, on the gallery leapt.

O the smoke that lifted like a thick-leaved tree
And then like a tree consumed in fierce flame,
The flame's congregation that rose up and roared
And spangled the hall with million gleam.

The fire froze me, I stiffened like one in a trance.
Unstirring I stood, and useless to stir,
With the drums of the fire on my ears rolling loudly
And the eyes of the fire fixing my eyes with their glare."

"—You were crazed, Bartholomew, because your familiars
Melted to nourish the flood with their wax.
'Twas remorse—"
"O, never remorse so bitter.
'Twas my bones seemed to melt, my thin sinews relax.

Maybe 'twas a moment, maybe 'twas a year,
Maybe 'twas a dream and I already a ghost,
But I saw and I heard as the Judgment Day breaking,
And Archangels summoning the heavenly Host.

The trumps and the fire called the sleepers from sleep,
Glass shivered and cracked as the flame lifted its tongue.
They stirred in bewilderment, they cried and I hearkened,
And fain had cried back, but speechless hung."

"—'Twas all but a witchery. In a pagan cavern
A witch was melting their images slowly,
And whispering an ancient spell and spinning
Fatal syllables of a song unholy;

'Twas this, Bartholomew."
"—'Twas the Judgment Day
Rehearsed for warning of all evil livers.
I heard their cries, I saw them appealing
With jewelled hands sliding in molten rivers.

The waning limbs unto other limbs
Yearned as they melted. The lips that kissed
The lips that smiled, grew suddenly piteous,
And famous faces in a crazy twist

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Slipped into ruin that I could not [illegible]
While still the Archangels' shrilly blast
Echoed, and I awoke from trance or [illegible]
And fear beset me as I fled then and [illegible]

All behind in a moment's mad terror
All my old life, forgetting life to be,
All my old familiars and accustomed [illegible]
And fled back to safety and perplexity.

"—Why, Bartholomew, you, a lover of beauty!
You, repining because of beauty past recall!
You æsthetical, you, you sentimental,
You an evangelist with trick of pious speech!"

is easy to mock. It was not for beauty,
because I had known them! that I loved
so well.
Not the beauties only, the brave and the lordly,
But all those others, they too had a spell.

Where now is Fred Archer, where is Dan Leno,
Where's Horatio Bottomley and General Booth,
Where's Bloody Mary and Charles the Second,
And the Princes slain in the Tower in their youth?

O, and Napoleon, so marble and grand,
And Marie Antoinette piteously bright,
The wise-looking head of calm Robespierre,
And Marat's fierce mouth and gaping sight?

Where now is Neil Cream, where is poor Crippen,
That died for women; where's Seddon now?
Where's Charlie Peace and Palmer the poisoner,
And Stinie Morison and Mahon and Lowe;

And Smith that drowned his wives in a bath,
And moat-farm Dougal and Southend Read;
Where's Mrs. Dyer the baby-farmer,
That were all hanged or jailed—and now burned
when dead?

Where's Fowler and Milsom, blood-thirsting still,
That died contending for each other's life;
And Burke and Hare, those bloodier hunters,
And the Mannings hanged* public, husband
and wife?

And that French Landru whose eyes flickered at
me
Whenever I turned and passed him by?
—All defaced or utterly melted
And no one to see and pity, but I."

"—Why, man, they were not all lost, and time
Must needs have come when you watched them
no more."
"—I know, I know, and 'tis bitter remembering,
But bitter past bearing to think, *No more!*

For O, Sir, I knew them, and often I fancied
They knew me also and their look was kind.
Year after year they had heard my slow footstep;
To me their eyes no longer were blind.

And things they could say not aloud I could hear,
And the thoughts I could not utter they knew.
Ill things they murmured, but some were gentle,
And some lied still, but some could speak true.

The proud and the great were as the evil—
Lonely alike in silentness,
And any friendly thought that brushed them
Eased them in their loneliness.

Now even their images are dissolved,
The crowds that passed them and I that stayed
Are gone, and their own presences perished;
And I that lived on awhile, afraid,

With dreams that brought them staring at me,
As they had stared down year after year,—
I also sickened as if they drew me
Down to this dark. And I died of fear."

"—Enough, Bartholomew, your talk grows
morbid;
Shake off your melancholy, hush that sigh.
There's a music, listen!"
"—'Tis that thin piping
Sharpens the thoughts that will not die."

*Witnessed by Herman Melville when he visited England in 1849—"a most wonderful, horrible and unspeakable scene."

The BOWLING GREEN

Fragile: With Care

THERE are always excellent reasons for silence. One worthy reason is that you have nothing to say. Another is that what you are thinking is too important to be said, or would become untrue if uttered.

The recourse of those who feel they have something to say, but desire to avoid the bitterness of being understood, has been (ever since Æsop) the fable or fantasy. The importance of any fable can be gauged by the area of silence it covers. Abraham Lincoln, a very Æsopian person, could conceal the whole blackness of Civil War in an anecdote.

I have been reproached, and I think justly, for having praised some distant fabulists to the neglect of those nearer home. Therefore, to avoid the capital charge of seeming disinterested, I want to say a word about a book by a great poet whose work I have long admired; but—as George Moore said to Dick Le Gallienne when the latter vented his enthusiasm—"Very charming of you, my dear Richard; but why not in one of the newspapers?"

I don't believe that any writer can read Elinor Wylie's "The Venetian Glass Nephew" without wanting to communicate with the papers. Hawthorne would have wanted to; and the author of "Undine" would have wanted to; and Stevenson would have written to Colvin about it. It makes me want to visit again that museum of glass flowers I once saw at Harvard. It is as beautiful and fragile as they. It is a small terrible thing, exquisitely done. I am told that it is less important than Mrs. Wylie's "Jennifer Lorn," but I wonder. I have always admired Elinor Wylie's poetry so much that I had been fearful of meeting her in fiction. Her poetry has so perfectly the distilled merits of fine prose (some will misunderstand this, but not she)—its clear Roman nonchalance, its instant transfusion into the mind—that I was scared about her conduct in a novel. Here, I feared, her pent profusion would coagulate. I was wrong.

"Beneath brocaded petticoats," Mrs. Wylie says of her young Rosalba, "the child's silk stockings, though gossamer and clocked with lace, were already obstinately blue." This was undoubtedly the fault of Caterina, Rosalba's mother, who had worn blue garters on a dangerous occasion. But the point is that for Mrs. Wylie the blue always begins in the hosiery. She is of the salon, and has the malicious brevity of all her great sisters, whether from Versailles or Hampshire. There is not a line in this fable to show it wasn't written a hundred years ago; nor will there be a hundred years hence. The friend who persuaded me to read the book said "You can finish it in two hours." How she underrated me. I have spent the better parts of two days in reconning its delicious felicities. Only once, in its precious 182 pages, do I find what seems the wrong word. *Glabrous,* I insist, is not correct (p. 138) for the tear that passed down Carlo's leather cheek. The cheek itself, glabrous perhaps; not the tear.

The "Venetian Glass Nephew" is a fantasy so tenderly ironic that it will probably escape the death-knell of unluckier fantasies, the insistent demand to know "what it means." The spun-glass Nephew will "mean" something less to the casual commuter than (for instance) to Abélard and Eloise, who would have read aloud this queer spiral of their own disaster, and gazed in wild surmise. Another, seeing the flash of blue silk, will account it a most merry essay on Papal nepotism; or a frolic margin on the crimson folio of a certain chevalier. You may read into its rather terrible climax, where fire is purged with fire and pity makes "its intolerable demands," rather more than the author vouches. This is not sentimental fantasy, like James Stephens; nor witty fantasy, like Stella Benson. It is ironical fantasy; the fantasy of despair. Only a great poet could have restrained that noiseless and wicked humor from quickening into audible satire. Blown of molten sand, this bubbly lustre is informed with tragic breath. But we are not pelted with burrs: the wind moves softly over the hill carrying thistledown.

I saw the other day a copy of "Comus" which once belonged to Mr. Alexander Pope. Mr. Pope, in his neat caslonesque hand, had written in a number of comments. I cannot quote exactly, but the gist of his memo on Comus was "There are some interesting lines in this masque with a number of lively figures." What Mr. Pope said in public may have been much more quotable by Milton's publisher; but that was his private and confirmed settlement. So is it possible for even the coolest critic (and Pope was himself something of a Venetian Glass Nephew) to underrate noble extravagances.

But I don't think it is underrating the "Nephew" to say that it is a perfect work of art; and carrying the burdens that any perfection must bear. It is so adorably tiny, well-disciplined, iridescent: a tear-bottle, a Prince Rupert's drop, a Borgia ring. It must bear the gravest burden of all, of requiring for the most part a reader capable of it. The poet who wrote "Bronze Trumpets and Sea-Water" (if you know your "Nets to Catch the Wind") is aware of the limitations of subtlety. She knows that California orchardists do not mention the arsenic in the peach-pit; and that many customers, like Virginio and Rosalba, will "hurry to a fashionable pastrycook's to eat whipped cream and wafers." But her gay and *méchant* fable, glazed and twinkling like an agnostic's Christmas tree, should outlive many more urgent things; a crystal microcosm, arousing "pity and its intolerable demands." It is always the most breakable things that we try hardest to safeguard against being broken; and I consign this darling trifle toward the future, marked *Fragile: With Care.*

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Weston

By MARGARET S. COBB

AS I went down to Weston I wore my yellow
gown,
And o'er the hills the racing wind loosed
all my tresses down.
I could not bind them close again, they blew about
my face,
And Weston such a proper town with every maid
her place,
Where naught is dreamed in any heart but nearing
God in grace.

I neared the hamlet Weston and I heard the sounding ring
Of iron on the anvil and I heard the great smith sing
Of Great Jehovah's love and power, so strong so all complete,
To keep man's soul from straying while just across the street
The cobbler and the jointer chimed in with voice and beat.

I walked the streets of Weston and stillness settled there,
I knew that all were gazing at my tangled wind-blown hair.
Some whisper seemed to bid all men cease work and gaze on me,
While 'neath the yellow gown my heart beat madly, poignantly,
And rushed the blood across the cheek, a flame that all must see!

The great smith strode out past his door; I offered not a smile.
His mighty strength seemed shaken; he trembled all the while,
I heard the jointer cry "My God!" I heard the cobbler sigh;
His hands seemed fierce to touch me; I passed him swiftly by,
And as the flame burned in my cheek, I dared not meet his eye.

I left the town of Weston with bowed and downcast face,
With all men still and staring in that stern and proper place.
But on the hills above the town, I heard borne sweet and strong
The smith's voice in a triumph, wording an old love song,
While the cobbler and the jointer in glory chimed along.

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Books of Special Interest

Amazing Poetry

A DRAFT OF XVI. Cantos of Ezra Pound for the Beginning of a Long Poem. Paris: Three Mountains Press. 1925. $25.

Reviewed by R. P. BLACKMUR

IT IS necessary to emphasize the words "draft" and "beginning" in the title printed above. The poem may be taken neither as a concluded whole nor as a finished part. Nothing ultimate, then, can be said; no grand summary, no cathedral dismissal or acceptance can be made.

As they have appeared, whether in books or magazines, singly or in small lots, these Cantos have met persistent misfortune. Where they have been mentioned at all they have been accused of unintelligibility, even stupidity. Readers refused to tolerate such a work. I take it that no poet will ask for his poem, whatever its scope or difficulty, toleration of his readers. To tolerate is to patronise; and to patronise is grossly to misunderstand. But where the prospect of delight is proportional, a poem may demand labor and mental agility to any amount. That Mr. Pound's Cantos tax most heavily in both respects is at once obvious; it is my experience that in the degree the labor and agility were willingly supplied, the enjoyment was great.

The subject, the crux, knot, and nut of the matter, has already been noted several times by Pound, both in verse and prose. I quote from Canto XI.

de litteris et de armis, praestantibusque ingeniis,
Both of ancient times and our own; books, arms,
And of men of unusual genius,
Both of ancient times and our own, in short the usual subjects
Of conversation between intelligent men.

So in a sense this is Pound having a conversation with someone, but doing all the talking himself; it is Pound dragging out a half-hundred styles and tongues and centuries, flavoring it all with a little of himself. Catcalls and hosannas, hoorahs, curses, and benedictions, the image of pure form: the sum of words, and the things under them taking on a shell of meaning.

As in Dante it is the world that is given; and the problem is, to order and contrast, to assemble the parts of that world in a living whole. Dante took refuge in theology with great effect; finding a scaffold ready-made and capable of any weight. The difference in ultimate scope and strength between the "Divine Comedy" and the "Cantos" is due perhaps precisely to the fact that no such elastic convention exists today.

But it is observable that as Pound remodels and adds to his "Cantos," he more nearly approximates such a convention. The general rule is apparent. When the sum of any kind of material has been thoroughly digested, then any part may be set against the whole and thereby judged. By successive operations all the parts achieve an order.

⁂

The value, the effect, of such an order, is most evident in Canto VII, which may be taken as the centre of the poem. It contains *in petto* the whole. The old men under the wall talking (an image running through all the Cantos) whirl up age after age in their long talk and set them all against the present. The Canto ends with an invocation to Alessandro de Medici which gathers everything in the Cantos, either before or after it, to a point.

What is perhaps the most "solid" group (VIII-XI) constructs fifteenth century Italy through the doings of Sigismundo Pandolfo Malatesta de Malatestis, Lord of Rimini . . . etc., a man who should have had, like Burton, "the brow of a god and the jawbone of a devil." We have the tale set forth of his wars and pacifications, of his loves and hates, his rapes and murders. He becomes a symbol, the creation of history . . . In Canto XI we find Sigismundo sitting in his temple, alone, in the shadow, on a cornice "too narrow to fit his big beam." He has grown old, his lands and fortunes have been despoiled. He mutters out the long catalogue of war and love and art, the vigor and cruelty and treachery, which had made up his own life and the life of his age. Suddenly these words come:

And we sit here. I have sat here
For forty-four thousand years.

That is a civilization gathered in one mind and speaking; that and

In the gloom the gold gathers the light against it,

are gestures in the grand manner. At least in their context.

Quite different is the content of Cantos XIV-XV, where foulness, as in Ulysses and perhaps Dante, is used as a force, an energy of the mind, to create a world which turns out, like that of the Yahoos, to be an old friend. . . . I had not known gestation sometimes did not terminate for centuries. After two hundred years Jonathan Swift has achieved a paternity, in Pound and Joyce, he might not have bid for.

⁂

There are certain qualities of style which make the work of Pound peculiarly valuable. They are qualities only inadequately generalized under the headings of wit and compressed levity. In the simple line "Varchi of Florence steeped in a different year," the word *steeped* gives the line a value. And the use of that word distinguishes two characteristics of the "wit" we here speak of. One is the use of exaggeration which is not distortion; a thought is lifted just enough out of its natural plane, given just enough strangeness, truly to emphasize its nature. The other characteristic is perhaps a faculty for the translation of sensations and thoughts from one order of being to another. Examples run with the pages.

And there is elegance and dignity in these Cantos. As in the old days wit enlivens and sharpens a little the elegance.

The silver mirrors catch the bright stones and flare,
Dawn, to our waking, drifts in the green cool light;
Dew-haze blurrs, in the grass, pale ankles moving.
Beat, beat, whirr, thud, in the soft turf under the apple trees.
Choros Nymepharum, goat-foot with the pale foot alternate;
Crescent of blue-shot waters, green-gold in the shallows,
A black cock crows in the sea-foam;
And by the curved carved foot of the couch,
claw-foot and lion head, an old man seated
Speaking in the low drone: . . .

Amazing as the work may be—and surely it is the most amazing poem of our time—it is as classical in spirit and manner as Dante or T. S. Eliot. Which is to say that, above all, the work is mature, mature and completely honest.

—I quote from the first Canto:

But thou, O King, I bid remember me,
unwept, unburied,
Heap up mine arms, be tomb by sea-board,
and inscribed:
"A man of no fortune and with a name to come."
And set my oar up, that I swung mid fellows.

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Reviewed by FRANK THONE and JAMES STOKLEY

Science Service, Washington, D. C.

WITH all the multitude of books on popular science that are constantly leaving the presses, it is a regrettable fact that there has in the past been no work or set of works which undertakes to cover adequately the important aspects of all phases of science. Judging, however, by the present volumes, the first to appear in Van Nostrand's Library of Modern Sciences, this want will soon be supplied. The names of the editors—Dr. E. E. Slosson, director of Science Service, M. Luckiesh, director of the Lighting Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company, and H. E. Howe, who is editor of *Industrial and Engineering Chemistry*, —are in themselves evidence of the authority of the works, for it would be hard to select a trio better fitted for the editorship of books that are expected to be at once authoritatively scientific and readably "popular."

Van Nostrand's are fortunate in being able to lead off their list with a volume by the veteran chemist who heads the Nobel Institute. The book was originally in Swedish, but has been well Englished and at the same time brought up to date by Dr. Clifford Shattuck Leonard. Dr. Arrhenius achieves a double aim: to tell what chemistry is, and to tell what chemistry does and has done. He tells what chemistry is so that a reasonably intelligent person unschooled in formal science can understand it, and he enlivens his discourse by bringing in fascinating historical details. For example, in his very considerable section on the use of fire, which is the oldest of the chemical arts, he not only reviews the primitive fire-making processes, now familiar as a part of Boy Scout training, but tells of the ingenious machines of a century or so ago that were the forebears of the common match. The importance and intimacy of the relation of chemistry to human life are stressed by chapters aptly titled "cultural chemistry." We are only too prone to forget that the artist who makes the exquisite statue or painting or vase stands on the shoulders of the chemist who supplies the formula for bronze, or colors, or glass, or plastic cellulose.

❧ ❧

Milton Whitney is Chief of the Bureau of Soils, U. S. Department of Agriculture. He is an example of a heretic become high priest, for he holds and stoutly defends certain doctrines regarding the rôle of soils that many of his professional *confrères* look upon as not of the true mystery and rubric. In this book he endows his doctrine with appeal by making our mother Gea seem really alive. In most agronomists' hands the soil is simply a collection of mineral particles of varying size and chemical constituency; it is just a set of mechanical factors. To Whitney the soil is biotic, and he carries his reader with him. For the rest, his treatment is orderly and methodical, so that the volume might well be used as a textbook. But the author has the same facility that other writers in this series have for picking up interesting sidelights in unexpected places.

The title of Mr. Luckiesh's book is aptly chosen, for he does get down to the foundations of the universe when he discusses the fundamental properties of matter, from the spiral nebulæ, or island universes that populate space, to the electrons of which our own bodies, as well as the bodies of the smallest forms of life, are composed. This is done, as is the discussion in all the books in the series, in an entirely popular manner, but not at the expense of completeness, for Mr. Luckiesh does not hesitate to talk of the quantum theory and the theory of relativity, without the use of mathematics, and in the entertaining style that has distinguished his works on lighting and other aspects of science in the past.

While the subject is one that does not permit of as numerous illustrations as adorn Mr. Clark's book, the diagrams are clearly prepared and well chosen. The various tables and lists afford convenient references, especially in the chapter on "The Growth of Knowledge" which contains a list of the names and principal achievements of prominent workers in physical science from Thales to Millikan.

Austin Clark is curator of the Smithsonian Institution, and before he became that he sailed the seas in the "Albatross," U. S. floating laboratory of the Bureau of Fisheries, an experience which should qualify him to speak with authority on animals of land and sea. More than any of the numerous recent works on popular zoölogy, his book is packed with little-known and out-of-the-way facts about animals. Something you never heard of before jumps at you from every page. Not that the book is simply a hit-or-miss piling up of disjunct facts, however; Mr. Clark has too much art for that. He knows that each of us lives in an egocentric universe, and makes his first chapters answer to the universal challenge: "Well, what does it mean to *me?*" Man as the eater and as the eaten, as the master of animals and as the victim of animal pests, is the alluring bait that leads one into the later sections that tell about animals as aviators, as deep sea divers, as living lamps. And the book is as full of pictures as it is of facts; there are 272 pages and there are 740 pictures. These are especially valuable, in that very many of them are of creatures whose portraits have never appeared before, outside technical monographs which nobody but specialists ever sees.

❧ ❧

Finally, in the most recent of the series so far, we come to the oldest of all the sciences, the study of the stars, and here again the selection of the author has been most happy. As director of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, Dr. Charles G. Abbot speaks with considerable authority, especially in connection with the astronomy of the sun, in which field his own work has been responsible for many important advances. But the other phases of the science are not neglected. He starts out, as a popular book on astronomy should (but as so few do) with the stars themselves, for he takes his reader out of doors on a clear night and tells him what he would see. From this it is a logical step to the instruments with which scientists look at the stars, and the astronomers that use them, so that almost before one can realize it, he is led into the heart of the subject.

It is hard to imagine the book could be any more up to date, for the most recent discoveries are explained, such as that of Dr. Hubble at Mt. Wilson Observatory; that the spiral nebulae are actual island universes. The illustrations, many of which are made from new photographs taken with the finest modern instruments, enable the reader to visualize the subject, and here again we realize how up to date the work is, for the frontispiece is an excellent photograph of the eclipse of last January!

Taken altogether then, as well as individually, the series is one to be recommended to the reader who wishes to know a little more of what the physicist with his interferometer, the biologist with his microscope, the astronomer with his telescope, and all the other scientists are doing. Many of them have neither the time nor the ability to explain their work to any but fellow workers in their own field, but in this series it is being done for them, and one cannot but wait with anticipation for the next books in it.

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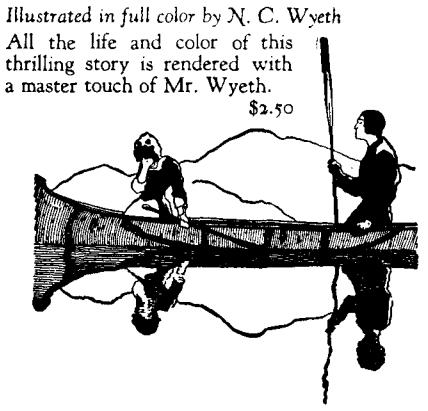

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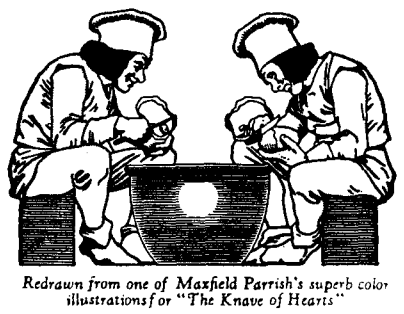

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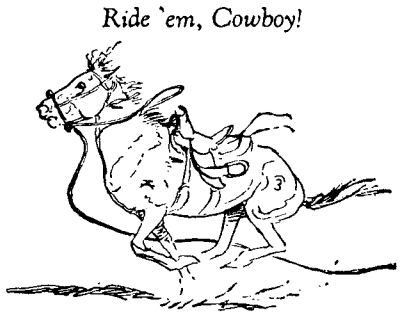

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Books of Special Interest

Childe Hassam's Art

THE ETCHINGS AND DRYPOINTS OF CHILDE HASSAM. With an Introduction by Royal Cortissoz. Scribner's. 1925.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

BEFORE giving his first exhibition of etchings, in 1923, Childe Hassam had been working on the copper for some thirty years. Thus we had instead of the usual piecemeal revelation of a talent a sudden and thrilling confrontation with a life-work. On inspection the thrill diminished, for the etchings merely told us in a new idiom precisely what we already knew from Mr. Hassam's paintings. There was no such sense of surprise and of new understanding as one gets when he passes from the paintings of a Whistler or a Daubigny to their prints. There was instead a confirmation of Mr. Hassam's extraordinary athleticism in his ready mastery of a new and difficult discipline. We now have all his prints (238) carefully catalogued in beautiful form with appreciations by Royal Cortissoz and Pennell. Some fifty-odd halftone cuts are welcome memoranda of typical compositions, but no one should take them as satisfactorily conveying the zest and precision of Mr. Hassam's workmanship. For that one should consult constantly the frontispiece, the original etching, Cos Cob, No. 32.

The immediate impression is of a skilful and joyous craftsmanship in the service of a rather slight gift for design. One feels an etcher of the type of Lalanne. Mr. Hassam, however, usually ignores the linear tradition, for his theme, as in his paintings, is flickering light and dappling shadow. So the lines fuse into webs of shimmering tone after the fashion of Whistler's "Doorway." Not but that the line can be expressive in its own right, catching with sure and summary indications the poise of a nude, the swirl of surf or tideway, the uprightness or the sagging of old buildings. In short his technical resourcefulness is amazing. His inventive resourcefulness is less so, but here scrutiny revises a too generalized first impression. Among numerous fine etchings there are exceptionally a few fine inventions that take Mr. Hassam at his best out of that class of artists whose ability is merely professional.

The best prints are mostly those of inhabited places—old New England houses, churches, barns, fish-shanties, wharves, or bridges. Apparently Mr. Hassam's most complete affection and application are for such themes. We feel that his early paintings of Paris, New York, and the Isles of Shoals are still his finest in mood, though technically he has surpassed them since. And among his prints of places those of Portsmouth, Gloucester, and East Hampton are not only most skilful but also magically invested with mood—real treasures for the temperamental amateur. The *tours-de-force*, however, are in the Cos Cob series—such as the dock with tossing skiffs or the crinkled tide-way appropriately called "Old Lace"—marvels of delicate precision in touch of needle and of acid.

The numerous figure subjects, including a long series of nudes by the sea, seem merely clever, and uninterestingly so. Indoors or outdoors, Mr. Hassam lacks the gift of making his figures belong; they have an inserted quality. Yet even here he is capable of creating exceptionally a composition of such Fantin-like fascination as No. 150, "Summer."

In short, when he is good he is very, very good, in etching as in painting, but too facile and prolific to be often at his best, possibly too much engrossed with his own talent to give himself generously to his theme. It is when the theme really hits him hard that we get a fine Hassam. To pick the one very fine print from the ten that are misleadingly good is ever the collector's delicate task. In the present instance he will find it rewarding. This record of what has been only a minor activity though in itself a substantial life-work for an artist of weaker fibre, is impressive from its sustained competence as it is precious for its occasional moments of inspiration.

Largess

THE RED CORD. By T. G. SPRINGER. New York: Brentanos. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by OLIVER HERFORD

THERE are some communications that, like eggs, cannot possibly be broken gently, and this, which I am about to make public, is one of them. No amount of circumlocution will absorb the shock or soften the impact of the news that a publisher in this year of nineteen twenty five and this town of Manhattan is distributing largess in the shape of real coin to all who will accept it, without discrimination, without any hope of return and no questions asked.

The actual face value of the coin-errant with which Mr. Brentano—for that is the publisher's name—is playing ducks-and-drakes, is of no consequence; it is the principle or rather the variation from principle that provokes our admiration. When Mr. Rockefeller at published intervals bestows a dime upon an entire stranger it is not the amount of his largess that excites our wonder, indeed were it to be multiplied by ten or even a hundred our wonder would still remain stationary.

As a matter of fact the exchange value of the coin that will make Mr. Brentano preëminent among publishers to the end of time, is somewhere between one tenth and one eleventh of one cent. Some numismatists rate the Chinese ventilated coin known as a *cash* as high as one fifth of a cent, but generosity is one thing and prodigality quite another and in justice to Mr. Brentano I shall adhere to my own computation.

Also there is a string to this largess of Mr. Brentano, but happily the string has no retrogressive tendency, it is no string in the vulgar, mercenary sense of the word, it is a Red Cord attached to a book of that name and looped through the Chinese coin serves to draw it into the hand of each and every purchaser of this delightful romantic novel by Mr. Thomas Grant Springer. It serves too as a book-mark for the use of such unfortunates as must for one reason or another be compelled to lay the book down instead of finishing it at one sitting as I very nearly did.

I have never, until Mr. Springer's book came into my hands, read a Chinese novel written in English. I have always felt that Chinese books should be written only in the Chinese language and read only by Chinamen and Chinawomen.

But now I am convinced that all the Chinese novels should be written by Mr. Springer and read by everybody.

Wo Loie, the heroine of the story is the Virgin Wife of . . . . but his name has escaped me . . . that is the only fault I have found with "The Red Cord" . . . the Chinese names are not as Mr. Christopher Morley would say, Chineasy to remember, and when the name begins with a syllable that sounds like an adverb such as *So* or *Yet* it becomes entangled in the syntax with a result that is oftentimes perplexing.

Wo Loie (if I may be allowed to finish a sentence) is a most alluring little almond-eyed Becky Sharp—and when I say almond-eyed I do not mean salted-almond-eyed (whatever Mr. Morley may say). Wo Loie for all her mishaps never sheds a tear. I like her much better than Becky Sharp and I forgive her her wiles (one in particular that you will suspect but never know) because of her fortitude.

There is a witty and erudite preface to "The Red Cord," written by John Luther Long, but it must not be read until the story is finished because Mr. Long has most indiscreetly hinted at the dénouement and why should other readers be spared the suffering I endured (without a murmur) in resisting the temptation to read the last page before I was quite come to it.

The second series of the "Bibliographies of Modern Authors," published in sequence to the volume edited by Henry Danielson in 1921, has just been published in a limited edition of 750 copies. The American publisher is the R. R. Bowker Company. The second volume has been compiled and edited by C. A. and H. W. Stonehill, and includes full collations of the works of John Davidson, Ernest Dowson, Katherine Mansfield, Alice Meynall, Walter Pater, and Francis Thompson, in all 178 items of six authors.

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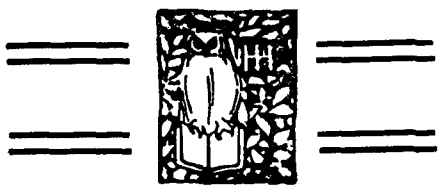

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Books of Special Interest

Aliens In Our Midst

ON NEW SHORES. By KONRAD BERCOVICI. New York: The Century Co. 1925. $4.

Reviewed by ANNIE MARION MACLEAN
Author of "Modern Immigration"

ALL those who read Mr. Bercovici's "Around the World in New York," following him upstairs and down, through densely crowded sections in quest of colorful foreigners, albeit naturalized Americans, have eagerly awaited "On New Shores," his story of aliens in the main hidden away in national groups on our broad acres far from the glamour of cities. Although statistics are not ignored, this book deals largely with the human elements involved. In this lies its strength.

The whole field of immigration has been carefully worked over by scholars, like Commons, Fairchild, Jenks to name but a few. What is needed now is someone to go up and down the land singing of work and the foreign man. This Mr. Bercovici has done with grace and charm. He went into alien settlements in remote parts of North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Texas, and other states in his quest for first-hand knowledge of land hungry European peasants. He saw and understood the older men hoarding pennies for more acres, frowning upon pleasure, yes, and schools for their children, for are not schools a disintegrating force with their new language that opens up vistas of phonographs, radios, and Fords, a triumvirate of iniquity according to German-Russians in North Dakota? He understood, too, youth with roving eyes, hungering for untasted joy. There are few who can follow dim trails to small hamlets, as he has done, visiting the families therein to describe their manner of living to other Americans. The average person knows more about industrial groups in or near large cities; they are within range of vision. But who knows about Essexville, Michigan, where Belgians, Frenchmen, and other racial groups have to learn Dutch to do business with Hollanders? It is small wonder they are mystified by the English language.

Like Dr. Carol Aronivici in his scholarly Americanization Studies, the author of "On New Shores" emphasizes the importance of recognizing the contribution alien races have made to American life. Foreigners do not become Americans by figuratively thumbing their noses at foreign princes and potentates, *especially* their own, followed by genuflecting to the Constitution. It is not thus new loyalties are made. The Iowans in Southern California would readily die for their adopted state any day in the week, yet they gather a hundred thousand strong at an annual picnic to shout the praises of Des Moines. The psychology of the stranger within our gates is not different.

Mr. Bercovici should be made minister plenipotentiary to our foreign groups, an interpreter of race to race in the saturated solution of aliens we call the American people. "On New Shores" undoubtedly will be used as outside reading for college students who will forget their text books in its perusal. A copy might well be in the hands of every literate citizen.

Missionary Efforts

THE PEOPLE OF THE PHILIPPINES, THEIR RELIGION, PROGRESS AND PREPARATION FOR SPIRITUAL LEADERSHIP IN THE FAR EAST. By FRANK CHARLES LAUBACH. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by NORBERT LYONS

JUST about ten years ago there came to the Philippines a young missionary who had made quite a name for himself in the United States as a saver of lost men—that ever-shifting yet shiftless army of human derelicts known as "knights of the road," tramps, or hoboes. "Dominie Sawdust" the bright young men of the daily press called him, because of the fact that his saving process consisted of making the objects of his uplift manipulate a bucksaw on some hefty logs of wood before regaling them with a hearty meal. Thus he taught a useful object lesson and at the same time rendered a most commendable and most practical social service.

Had Dr. Laubach carried his doctrine of practical Christianity to the Philippines with him and applied it to the natives of the Islands, Uncle Sam's problems in the Archipelago would have been shorn of a great deal of their difficulty. It appears, however, that Protestant missionary efforts in the Islands since American occupation, when such efforts first began, have not had such a practical, materialistic background. Dr. Laubach in his new book gives the impression that the evangelistic work now being carried forward in the Philippines has as its main object the preparation of the Filipino people for what he calls "spiritual leadership in the Far East." Unfortunately, it is not spiritual advancement that the Filipinos need as much as material progress, and if every one of the 130,000 Protestant converts had been taught how to use the bucksaw instead of the Bible, the time, money, and energy expended on missionary effort in the Philippines would have been of far more value to the nation.

Dr. Laubach's book is in reality a brief religious history of the Philippines. The greater part of it is devoted to the story of Protestant missionary effort. Considering the fact that the author is a most devout and earnest member of the Protestant creed, his treatment of the important Catholic influence in the Islands may be said to be tolerant and fair, though, of course, it contains a number of statements to which bitter exception will be taken by the Catholic reading public. Aside from these obvious sectarian ebullitions, the book gives a thorough and accurate account of religious development in the Islands, starting with the Hindu, Chinese, and Mohammedan influences and continuing through the Roman Catholic and Protestant phases. Considerable space is devoted to the Aglipayan schism, and Dr. Laubach furnishes much hitherto unpublished information on the genesis and rise of that strange, endemic outgrowth of the native spiritual complex.

Dr. Laubach, however, is so confirmed a Protestant and so conscientious, zealous, and enthusiastic a missionary, that he can view facts and conditions only in the light of his all-absorbing life work. This leads him to the expression of views and aspirations, which, if they were not so sincere and actuated by the best and purest of motives, might be regarded as bordering on the ridiculous. Thus, he not only sees the Filipinos as the future spiritual leaders of the Far East, but also the possibility of their assuming "the spiritual leadership of the whole world." Again, his gratifying evangelical contact with some of the younger Filipinos who have embraced the Protestant faith, leads him to form greatly exalted opinions of their characters.

As might be expected, Dr. Laubach is a fervid advocate of Philippine independence. He is impatient with the general policy of political neutrality maintained by the rank and file of the Philippine missionary field, and of course ascribes to a people, which, in his opinion, is capable of such great spiritual progress, equal political capacity. However, he does not stop to consider the fact that in the event of the Philippines becoming independent, the opportunities for Filipino "spiritual leadership" will naturally be vastly curtailed, since it would mean the replacement of a strong sovereign Christian power by a weak Christian nation and would thus materially reduce the resistance to encroachment by the non-Christian creeds of the Far East. Also it would increase the local influence of Catholicism as against that of Protestantism, since the former belief has an overwhelming numerical advantage.

For the religious worker in the foreign field, Dr. Laubach's book should prove an interesting and inspiring volume; but to the layman desirous of aid and further enlightenment toward orienting himself on the Philippine problem, it has little value. It displays thorough scholarship and arduous research, and in the introductory portion presents some facts of an historic and ethnological nature that have never before appeared in a book of this general sort; but, unfortunately, the author's evangelistic enthusiasm so completely dominates his whole thesis, that the book, in the final analysis, is little else than a monograph on Philippine religious history with special emphasis placed on the Protestant phases of the record. As such it doubtless will find an appreciative audience in the missionary field.

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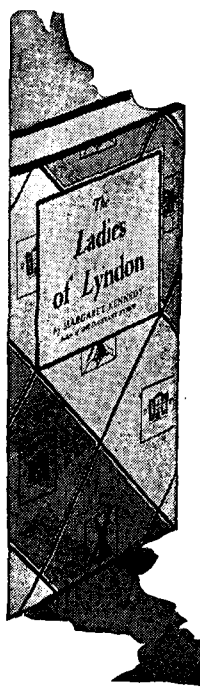

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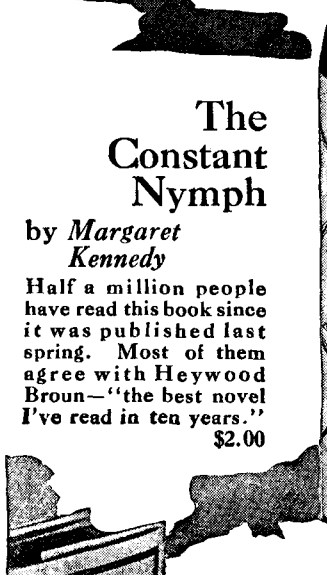

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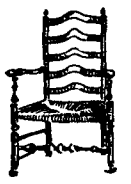

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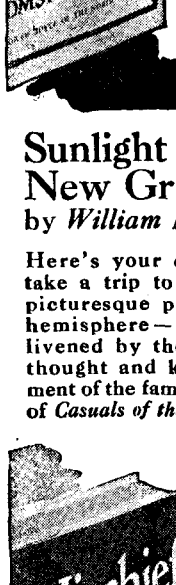

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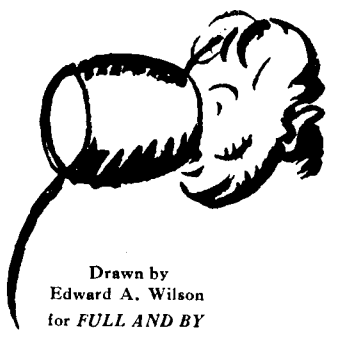

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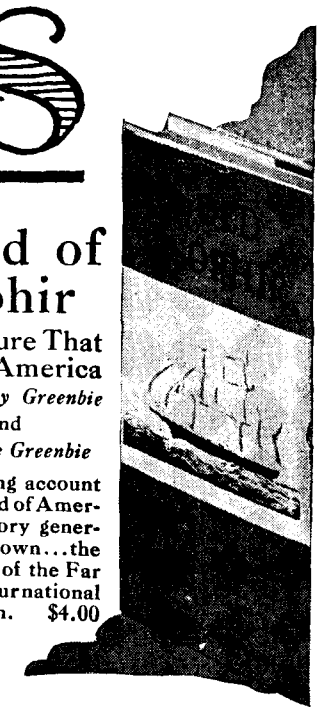

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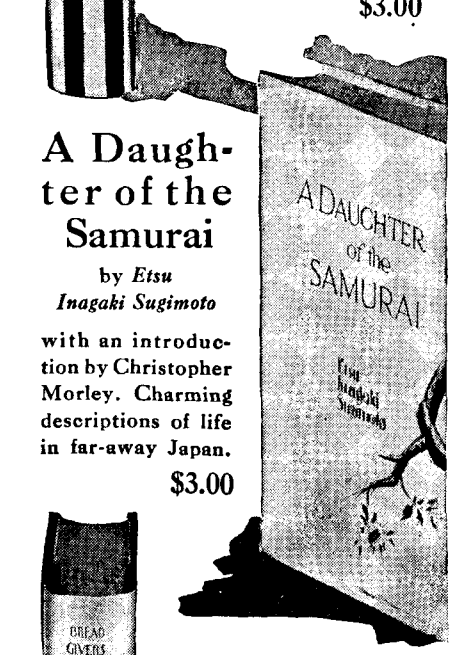

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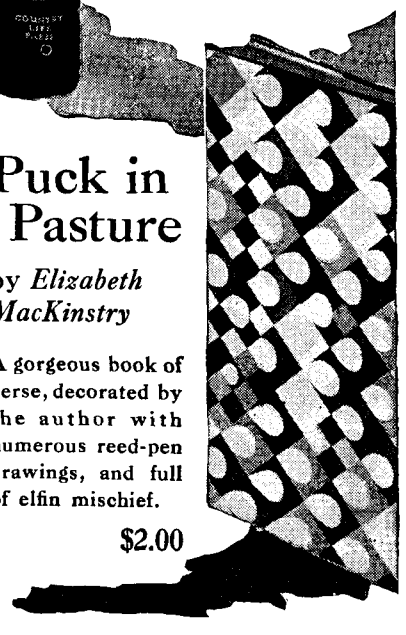

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

SAINT FRANCOIS D'ASSISI. Boston: Marshall Jones. 1925.

This is a series of reproductions of the water colors by P. Subercaseaux Errazuriz on the life of Saint Francis of Assisi, introduced, in French and English by Johannes Joergensen. Pedro Subercaseaux, he tells us, is a Chilean, but he visited "the great shrines of Spain, the holy places of Italy." This is, as he says, "no lifeless revocation of a story from the past," but "real Italy," "real thirteenth century." The paintings are certainly of the greatest beauty, as they appear in the reproductions. There is a brief explanatory text to each.

THE ART STUDENT'S VADE-MECUM. By CYRIL DAVENPORT. Stokes. 1925. $1.25.

If the British art student really needs such a book as this, his must be about the lowest order of human intelligence. A lot of commonplace information is scrambled together with some misinformation. On a single page relating to fresco, 63, there are three substantial errors of fact. A trite and superfluous book.

PISSARO. By A. TARABANT. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $1.75.

Camille Pissaro is perhaps the best painter in the Impressionist group, but his seriousness and nobility denied him even the early *succès de scandale* of his fellows. He knew grinding poverty until he was sixty. He will probably never be popular, but he will increasingly gain admiration where it is worth while. His work is a touchstone. No inattentive or frivolous spirit will make anything out of it. This well illustrated little book is the first adequate account of Pissaro in English and correspondingly to be recommended. M. Tarabant's memoir is well done and excellently translated. It is written from original sources and offers considerable new material.

BARTOLOZZI, ZOFFANY AND KAUFFMAN, ETC. By C. H. S. JOHN; DAVID COX. By F. GORDON ROE; WATTS. By ERNEST H. SHORT. Being a new illustrated series, "British Artists" edited by S. C. Kaines Smith. Stokes. 1925. $1.50 each.

These are pretty little books of pocket size in silvery cartridge boards with a cut on the front cover and the lettering in scarlet. One could desire nothing more in the way of makeup except a more generous allowance of pictures than seven or eight per volume. The contributors have taken their task seriously, avoiding fine writing, and furnishing bibliographies, lists of pictures in public galleries, and even indexes. The appeal is primarily to the reader who seeks information.

For an American reader the most interesting volume is that which brings together the twelve foreign members of the Royal Academy in the eighteenth century. Cipriani, Fuseli, Zuccarelli, Loutherbourg, the fair Angelica, and the rest were not precisely giants, nor does Mr. John exaggerate their dimensions. He does show convincingly that their work, as complementing on the decorative side that of the neoclassic architects, was actually necessary and important. A Zucchi is not much in a gallery, but it is fit and charming over an Adams door.

Mr. Roe's brief study of David Cox is a creditable bit of original research. Cox is one of those sturdy equable talents which enlist rather approval than enthusiasm. For most Americans he will be a new acquaintance. In Mr. Roe's hands the meeting is under excellent auspices. It is interesting to learn that contrary to general belief Cox by no means always painted from nature. Often he utilized in one picture very slight sketches from several places. He cared enough for nature to do some memorizing, a thing which Cézanne was unwilling or unable to do.

After the eloquence of Mr. Chesterton's booklet on Watts, Mr. Short's holds a pedestrian gait. It is judicious in criticism, underpraising rather than overpraising the great symbolist, and so packed with information as to replace for average purposes the bulky official memoir.

ARCHITECTURE. By *Sir Thomas G. Jackson.* Macmillan. $8.

Belles Letters

LITERARY LANES AND OTHER BYWAYS. By ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY. Doran. 1925. $2.

Thousands of people who never met the author of this volume think of him as "Bob". He is like that. He has read so much that he has had no time to develop a style of his own. He has no style,—no style whatever. But he doesn't care, and you don't. What he has to say is worth digging for, and you have to dig sometimes, but you don't mind. Five commas in one line of print; one sentence filling a paragraph, and containing two parentheses and four dashes. . . . Terrible! But you couldn't possibly be angry with him because his mind occasionally outruns his pen. It is a good fault, none too common.

Lanes and byways of varying interest, these, but we travel always in robust genial company. The old walking stick of former jaunts is used, now as then, often to a point, occasionally to tickle a rib, but never to bludgeon.

LIFE AND YOU. By *C. Lewis Hind.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

STUDIES IN SEVEN ARTS. By *Arthur Symons.* Dutton. $3.50.

MEN, WOMEN AND COLLEGES. By *Le Baron R. Briggs.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

SILHOUETTES. By *Sir Edmund Gosse.* Scribners. $2.75.

FALSTAFF AND OTHER SHAKESPEAREAN TOPICS. By *Albert H. Tolman.* Macmillan. $2.50.

Biography

MOTHER. By E. F. BENSON. Doran. 1925. $3.50.

Whether the statement, " 'Mother' is another E. F. Benson book," is considered complimentary or derogatory will depend upon the reader. Mr. Benson dips his pen into a facile, flowing bowl. No one writes more, and few more pleasantly, about kindly, leisured, intelligent English men and women moving easily from many pleasures to few duties and back again. It is almost irritating that Mr. Benson's people do so actually live for the reader; he does them too easily and he questions them too little. They, unlike the now famous Marches, are let off many things. Not that he protects them from misfortune but he refuses to look long upon any but their most cheerful characteristics. All these traits of his fiction reappear in the present biography of his mother.

In this volume we meet again the people of "Our Family Affairs." Mr. Benson is peculiarly fortunate in his family: his father, Archbishop of Canterbury; his two brothers, Robert Hugh and Arthur Christopher, well-known authors; even his sister "Maggie" credited with one volume, "A Venture in Rational Faith," and a successful archæological expedition into Egypt. But the tendency of Mr. Benson not to break through the surface of life is exemplified in his treatment of the apostacy of his brother, Hugh: he gives us delightful pictures of this brother hurrying from croquet to prayers, but of the doubts and anguish which drove an Anglican clergyman into the Catholic church he has nothing to say.

Nevertheless, Mr. Benson cannot be dismissed as a Pollyanian. He is far too intelligent and has too much humor to be open to such an indictment. Perhaps our complaints arise merely from that perversity of human nature which demands that if a man do a limited thing well he shall overcome his limitations and do a totally different thing well. After all, since Mr. Benson charms, why should he be profound?

SIX YEARS WITH THE TEXAS RANGERS. By CAPT. JAMES B. GILLETT. Yale University Press. 1925. $4.

Capt. James B. Gillett is one of the few survivors of the days when it was dangerous to live in Texas, and his book "Six Years with the Texas Rangers," written with all the charm and sincerity of naiveté (since he is unskilled in literary composition), combines all the excitement of a Western yellowback with the genuineness of a first-hand historical document. Anyone reading Capt. Gillett's account of Sam Bass, the thoroughbred train robber,

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Reynolds, the intrepid ranger chief, and Victorio, the Apache, whose cruelty surpassed Geronimo and whose military talents rivalled Chief Joseph, will be forced to admit that there is something priggish and inconsequential in their screen and magazine descendants. The Texas rangers were not gulled by any allegiance to fictional ethics: they killed Indians before the overt act, to prevent trouble and scalped their victims quite as readily as did the Apaches.

RICHARD PRICE, PHILOSOPHER AND APOSTLE OF LIBERTY. By ROLAND THOMAS. Oxford. 1924. $1.70.

"At a meeting of the Yale Corporation on April 24, 1781, it was voted to confer the Degree of Doctor of Laws upon George Washington and upon Richard Price." Doubtless the response of the average twentieth century American would be: "And who was Mr. Richard Price?" Yet his name was almost a household word in Revolutionary America. Dr. Price, as he was known west of the Atlantic, was an English clergyman whose fortune it was to live in the times of two great revolutions, the American and the French. His was one of the most powerful intellects in the England of his day. He was a master of the intricacies of public finance—during the course of the American Revolution he was invited by the Continental Congress to come to America, become a citizen of the United States, and assist in the difficult task of laying the financial foundation of the new nation. From its beginning Dr. Price was intensely interested in the American struggle for liberty. In the winter of 1775-6, after Lexington and Concord, he wrote "Observations on the Nature of Civil Liberty," a philosophic examination of the American problem. During the course of the war he wrote other works on civil liberty. He became one of the foremost English protagonists of the cause of the rebelling Americans. His writings both on the American and on the French Revolution made a deep impress on contemporary British thought.

Mr. Roland Thomas, director of the Welsh Holiday School, has written a brief biography intended to "contribute a little toward rescuing Price from an oblivion utterly undeserved." This is not the final biography of Richard Price; its main object will have been achieved if it stimulates some investigator to portray fully the great personality of Dr. Price against the setting of his times. Until such a work takes form Mr. Thomas's little book will remain both for the scholar and the general reader the most interesting and useful sketch of the life and work of the man so much revered by the Americans of the late eighteenth century.

MY LIFE AND MEMORIES. By JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $3.50.

Those, to whom America means neither a flag nor a geographical expression, but one of the contemporary world's most interesting dynamic forces, will find this biography a valuable document. This is Americanization at its best.

Joseph Ignatius Constantine Clarke grew up a desperately poor Irish lad in London. But love of his own country was rooted in his heart, and as he grew into comprehension of her sorrows and injustices the cause took hold of him. There followed a period of grimly serious adventure when he, by day a trusted and competent government clerk, slipped by night in varied disguise through the fingers of the vigilant police, to carry on the perilous business of an officer of the Fenians. The chapter closes with his discovery, exciting escape, and emigration to New York. There at twenty-two he began his chequered career in journalism, which brought him thirteen varied years under James Gordon Bennett on the staff of the *Herald*, the leadership of the *Criterion's* curious brief experiment, and the Managing Editor's desk on Albert Pulitzer's *Morning Journal*. Besides these things he was a poet and playwright of some slight note, a stump speaker for Grant, publicity manager for the pilloried Standard Oil Company, and Japanese envoy of the *New York Sun*.

Mr. Clarke had the gift of approach, and his discriminating pen recreates in a series of vital portraits, the most significant persons of his acquaintance. The manner of the book is perceiving, gentle, and quizzical, with much less pose than premeditated self-revelation usually entails. This Irish-American journalist was on the whole a straight-minded man of action, in whom a deeply humane thoughtfulness had not undermined the impulse to strenuous partisanship. One feels here a struggle without bitterness, the open and consistent partisanship of an idealist who kept his vision, while coping ably with a life-time of practical affairs. There was no place in it for a conflict of divided loyalties. To Ireland he gave the impetuosities of his early manhood, and a lifelong interest; to America he brought the whole of his mature wisdom and strength, and won himself a responsible place among the builders of our unpredictable destiny.

IN THE DAYS OF MY FATHER GENERAL GRANT. By JESSE R. GRANT, in collaboration with Henry Francis Granger. Harpers. 1925. $3.50.

This volume might be described as bedtime reading: entertaining throughout, but *not too heavy for the mind seeking repose*. It is neither biography nor autobiography, in the strict sense, but reminiscence, "a chronicle of persons and events, of impressions and experiences that touched me during the most impressionable years of life." The author, a son of General Grant, evidently enjoys talking about his father, and with the help of a collaborator he lays these pleasantly rambling, discursive recollections before the public.

The reader who is looking for new light on Grant himself, or on his presidential career will find little in the book. He will be told, somewhat to his surprise, that Grant "was never at any time a drinking man." It will surprise him still more to discover that Bristow, Grant's reforming Secretary of the Treasury, was an unscrupulous schemer, aiming to advance himself at Grant's expense; that Belknap and Babcock were always immaculately honest; and that Roscoe Conkling was a more likable man than Charles Sumner. This last statement may well be true; some would be unkind enough to say that nobody but Sumner really liked Sumner, while President Grant, Jesse Grant, and Conkling all liked Conkling.

The recollections range over nearly the whole of Grant's public career, from the days of the Mexican War to the presidential campaign of 1880. For those who can forget to hunt for valuable historical contributions, the various chapters will have a good deal of charm, touched as they often are with a glint of mellow humor. Everyone has moments when he prefers to be entertained rather than instructed; Jesse Grant's book pleasantly meets this need.

CARDINAL NEWMAN: A Biographical and Literary Study. By BERTRAM NEWMAN. Century. 1925. $2.

When one man gives himself the trouble of writing the story of another man's life, he usually admires his subject as much as Boswell admired Dr. Johnson, or he dislikes him as much as Lady Lytton disliked Lord Lytton, or the family of a recently deceased great man persuades him to write an official biography in two thick octavos—as Lord Morley was persuaded to write his life of Gladstone. But Mr. Bertram Newman does not seem to like Cardinal Newman very much more than he dislikes him. He is rather more impartial than the rain and the sun. And there is nothing at all official about his two hundred pages, nor is there anything sufficiently academic to suggest that they are one of those doctors' dissertations for which candidates despairingly choose a Fitz-James O'Brien or a Martin Opitz, merely because no one has chosen him before.

Unless, then, Mr. Bertram Newman became irresistibly interested in the cardinal because of their chance identity of surname, we do not quite see why he added his biographical and literary study to the books of the cardinal's unkind brother, of Wilfrid Ward and Wilfrid Meynell, of R. H. Hutton and William Barry, upon which his book is based. And, in spite of its greater concern with his writings, we do not quite see why he added it to Lytton Strachey's "Cardinal Manning," of which Cardinal Newman was undoubtedly hero. Sometimes, particularly when he is writing of Cardinal Newman's relations with Cardinal Manning and with Monsignor Talbot, and of Cardinal Manning's relations with Monsignor Talbot and with Pius the Ninth, Mr. Newman obviously has nearly as much difficulty in forgetting Mr. Strachey's felicitious phrases as his readers are likely to have.

But Mr. Newman does differ from Mr. Strachey in his conviction that, although

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Biography

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Cardinal Manning bore some resemblance to a hawk, Cardinal Newman bore no resemblance to a dove. In a rather curious comparison of Cardinal Newman's prose with Edmund Burke's, Mr. Newman speaks of the cardinal's severe spirituality, and it is the severity of his spirituality which is so dominant all through the book that his most devoted admirers, we are afraid, will probably not finish the book with the conviction that John Henry Newman would grace the calendar of saints—unless they remember that the calendar is already graced by *Ignatius* Loyola.

Mr. Bertram Newman realizes perfectly the casuistical cast of the cardinal's mind, and the talent for rhetoric which gave Charles Kingsley some reason for the reference to his argumentative cunning that happily forced Cardinal Newman to write the "Apologia pro Vita Sua." And he realizes the perfection of the prose in that beautiful book and in "The Idea of a University," and in all of the sermons and books and polemics, which is extraordinary when one considers the noticeable imperfection of his own prose. Mr. Newman, we think, can hardly have enjoyed the advantage of an Oxford education, since his book is full of such awkwardly turned sentences as "The lines may be quoted which pass between the Angel and the Soul," and "One or two considerations must be mentioned which have adversely affected the general appreciation of the Essay." Or perhaps Mr. Newman is only too well-read in early nineteenth century prose.

TWENTY YEARS OF MY LIFE. By *Louise Jopling*. Dodd, Mead. $3.

THE LIFE OF W. T. STEAD. By *Frederic Whyte*. Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols.

LINCOLN AND HIS GENERALS. By *Clarence Edward Macartney*. Dorrance. $2.50.

GEORGE WASHINGTON IN LOVE AND OTHERWISE. By *Eugene E. Prussing*. Covici.

THE GODFATHER OF DOWNING STREET: SIR GEORGE DOWNING. By *John Beresford*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

THE FIRST NAPOLEON. By *the Earl of Kerry*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON. By *Claude G. Bowers*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

A NATION IN THE MAKING. By *Sir Sarandranath Banerjea*. Oxford University Press.

THERE YOU ARE! By *F. Hugh Herbert*. Macaulay. $2 net.

Classics

THE SPIRIT OF THE CLASSICS. I. READINGS FROM THE LITERATURE OF ANCIENT GREECE. By DORA PYM. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1924.
Greek Literature in Translation. II. Roman Literature in Translation. By GEORGE HOW AND GUSTAVE A. HARRES. New York: Harper & Bros. 1924. 2 vols. $3.50 each.

There is still a thirst for the waters of the Pierian spring. If this were not so, it would be impossible, seeing that public demand determines in general what may or may not be published, for these latter years to witness such an outpouring of books presenting to our world of today the literature of the age of Hellas. Lately however the beverage is of necessity denatured—the pessimist would grant it little more than one half of one per cent authority. But the diluted article is abundant. Witness, the Legacy of Greece, The Legacy of Rome, Our Debt to Greece and Rome, the Pageant of Greece, The Broadway Classics, and The Library of Greek Thought.

These books that are here grouped together serve up the intellectual leaven in two very different forms. Miss Pym's volume is, I take it, for the *reader*—for the person of cultivated tastes who has an unsatisfied longing to acquire a nodding acquaintance with the Olympians. It is a dainty selection of choice products. When the reader has "done it" he can, with discretion, venture into the meetings of the Local Pater Society. He may be a little tried by the disproportionate amount of Plato but surely he has the right to skip. He is not intending to become a Grecian. He will have met with the very best of intellectual go-betweens: Rawlinson and Jowett, Edmonds and Andrew Lang. He will not have lingered long enough in their company to feel humiliated—he may very likely fail to recognize them as giants while he shakes hands rapidly with each.

The other two books are for the *student*. It almost seems as if they had attempted once more the impossible but they have made a brave attempt. If a good selection is possible, they have come close to hitting upon it. Here is a goodly quantity of excellent matter, once more presented by masters. There is a welcome absence of editorial patter, especially in the Greek volume. Used in conjunction with a real history of ancient literature these two volumes offer more than an elegant smattering of classic culture. They might even lure some adventurous soul back to the originals along the hard but satisfying trails of Goodwin and Harkness. The very difficulty of double columns may be a psychological trick. But there lies ground more dangerous than the upland paths of Arcadia.

Drama

THE CHARLESTON STAGE IN THE XVIII CENTURY. By EOLA WILLIS. Columbia, S. C.: The State Company. 1924. $5.

The history of our native drama is being written for the first time; the history of our theatre is being rewritten. Beginning with William Dunlap, many have tried to write the account of our stage, but before that can be done, there must be published just such local histories as this volume of Miss Willis's. It is perhaps an open secret that Professor G. C. D. Odell is engaged upon what will be an adequate account of the New York stage. That of Chicago is also being written, while the stages of Boston and Philadelphia await such historians to revise and supplement the histories of Durang, Clapp, and others. Annapolis, Baltimore, and New Orleans are still virgin soil. For nearly all our writing on the theatre has been done by those to whom accuracy is a last essential. Miss Willis has gone to the files of the *South Carolina Gazette*, to diaries, and to other original material and has endeavored to produce a reliable book as well as an entertaining one. Her most important contribution, however, has been a reprinting of the casts of the early plays given in Charleston. For owing to her acquaintance with recent publications in her field, she has rediscovered a great deal that is already known. For example, she claims to have brought to light "the first American Prologues and Epilogues" and "the first productions of Ballad Opera in this Country", while in reality, Mr. Oscar Sonneck described them in 1915, in his "Early Opera in America". Miss Willis seems to think that Seilhamer's "History of the American Theatre" is the last work on the subject, and she naïvely records the first dramatic attempt made in this country, Anthony Aston's lost play, as having been performed in Charleston in 1730 instead of 1703. We hope it is a misprint.

Books like this have their chief value as social history. The establishment of the French theatre at Charleston in 1793, for example, and the mingling of plays in French and English with pantomimes representing patriotic spectacles like "American Independence, or July 4, 1776", by Alexander Placide, the director of the French theatre, have a real significance. There was "Americanization" even then! Miss Willis might have called attention in her account of the production of a native comedy, "The Elopement, or a Trip to the Charleston Races," produced either on January 25 or February 25, 1795 (she gives different dates in different places), to the fact that this comedy contained the first native negro character "Scipio," who sang and apparently acted in a play that was actually performed. We had been under the impression that the first occurrence of this kind took place in John Murdock's "Triumphs of Love", played in Philadelphia on May 22, 1795. But Charleston seems to have anticipated Philadelphia by a month.

Quite interesting is her account of the proposed interchange of players between Boston and Charleston and the actual interchange of plays. There is some additional light, too, thrown upon the early history of Elizabeth Arnold, later to be the mother of Edgar Allan Poe, and it seems that she was given more important rôles than Professor Woodberry accredits to her in his "Life of Poe." In short, the connotations of such a work as this are perhaps more important than the facts presented, but it is only by such individual contributions that the complete mosaic of our stage history will ever be constructed.

We challenge you to pick out any book among these that you would not like to own or any discriminating friend would not be eager to receive.

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The New Books

Drama

(*Continued from preceding page*)

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN DRAMAS, NATIONAL AND LOCAL. Edited by MONTROSE J. MOSES. Little, Brown. 1925. $4.50.

This collection of plays by Mr. Montrose J. Moses, one of the most industrious of dramatic anthologists, if not particularly valuable or inspiring, has at least the merit of being judiciously variegated. If, as may be assumed from his somewhat elaborate and ingenious preface, his intention, in the making of it, was to illustrate the general quality exhibited in the different kinds of American drama produced during the last thirty years—a singularly barren period—he may be said to have fulfilled it admirably. His samples, whether or not, in every instance, the best that could be found, are fairly representative and to that extent satisfactory. Taken collectively, however, and compared with the product of the preceding generation, at home and abroad, they can scarcely be accepted as proof positive of marked literary or dramatic development in the contemporary American theatre. Some of our younger writers may be cleverer playwrights, if not better dramatists, than many of their immediate predecessors. They are often neater in their mechanism, more fluent in their output of glib, vivacious, superficial chatter, more adroit in the compilation of startling incidents, more alive to what is called a sense of the theatre. But their work, even when most pretentious, is apt to be lacking in imagination, insight, power, truth, and substance, the main elements by which a play must be judged.

In the fifteen plays in this book there is some good literary and dramatic work and much effective theatrical entertainment, but few of them have any rightful claim to be entered in the category of the first rate. All of them, in their time, achieved great, if only temporary popularity, a fact which may account for the appearance of some of them in this group. Four of them, at least, have merits which entirely justify their selection. "The Witching Hour," by Augustus Thomas, in spite of its manifest artifice and theatricality, is an uncommonly well written and well made comedy, with an interesting if not too credible story, ingeniously based upon telepathy, which is still a subject of popular and scientific interest. Miss Peabody's romance, "The Piper," is distinguished by poetic fancy and literary ability of a high order and tells a charming story. "The Scarecrow," of Percy Mackaye has humor, fancy, satire, color, and atmosphere. "The Famous Mrs. Fair," of James Forbes, if scarcely a masterpiece, is a capital social comedy with definite point and pertinence. All these pieces are well worthy of preservation in print. "The Emperor Jones," of Eugene O'Neill, is, without doubt, a vigorous and lurid bit of expressionism. It furnishes a vivid picture of savage superstition and frantic terror. The colors are dashed in with a reckless brush. But it has more of violence than of insight or strength, and is less impressive in cold type than—owing to the felicitous choice of its original interpreter—it was in actual representation. It is an effective bit of romantic melodrama, a potential thriller, but not remarkable for truth to nature or any special significance. Mr. O'Neill has done much better and some worse work.

Specific comment upon the remaining plays in the collection is unnecessary.

A CHRISTMAS MIRACLE AND GOD BLESS THIS HOUSE. By *Anna Hempstead Branch*. New York: Adelphi.
PLAYS. By *John Brandane*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

Economics

THE PRESENT ECONOMIC REVOLUTION IN THE UNITED STATES. By THOMAS NIXON CARVER. Little, Brown. 1925. $2.50.

As far back as 1912, Professor Carver was doing precisely the same sort of thing he has done in this book. In "A Bugbear to Reformers" he contended that three tests could be brought which would show that diminishing returns was actually an operative law and that as a matter of fact we managed to get along because we were continually striving to escape a deficit of goods. His three tests were (1) the spread of population: (2) the concentration of population in cities; and (3) the introduction of inventions. Other economists were not slow to point out then that these tests seemed to them evidences of progress, attained not because men strove to escape economic pressure but because they moved forward with their eyes upon an attainable future. Much the same type of reasoning is in evidence in the present book. From the three facts of (1) an increase in the number of corporate share-holders in the United States: (2) the increase of deposits in savings banks; and (3) the spread of a labor banking movement, he concludes that nothing less than an economic revolution is in progress among us. These facts are simple and well-known and it is perhaps sufficient to say that scarcely any one else who has studied their significance attaches the importance to them that Professor Carver does. Indeed a colleague of his, Professor W. Z. Ripley, has considered with great care the matter of the spread of corporate share-holdings and feels that it implies nothing of the significance attached to it here. It might also be pointed out that labor banking activities are necessarily limited to operation with the funds available to labor groups and, while these may grow some, they cannot grow much without a deeper revolution in economic arrangements than Professor Carver could contemplate with equanimity. He is essentially an economist who would like to believe that the social miseries of the present can be satisfactorily mitigated by palliative changes much less sweeping than most other economists believe inevitable. This conservatism of his seems to have led him to attach an undue importance to what are really rather simple and unimportant changes in the economic arrangements.

Education

THE REAL BOY AND THE NEW SCHOOL. By *A. E. Hamilton*. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.
TARBELL'S TEACHERS GUIDE, 1926. By *Martha Tarbell*. Revell. $1.90.
SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By *Charles L. Robbins*. World Book Co. $1.72.
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COLLEGE READINGS ON CURRENT PROBLEMS. Selected by *Albert Craig Baird*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.60.

Fiction

THE NAKED MAN. By Vere Hutchinson. Century. 1925. $2.

"Defoe, Emily Brontë, Stevenson, these are some of the names used by critics to indicate the appeal of Miss Hutchinson's extraordinary fiction." Reading such a blurb the mere reviewer may very well say to himself that either there is something wrong with the author's work, or, on the other hand, with her "critics." When the publishers, of their own accord, add Hardy and Eden Phillpotts to the already over-mixed list, small wonder if one's head begins to spin. Miss Hutchinson, however, is not such a mongrel of literature as might be supposed. The claims, so far as they apply to this new novel, are wildly exaggerated. Certain elements in "The Naked Man" bear a superficial resemblance to Hardy, whose work has obviously influenced the author's mood. But of the others there is no trace more distinct than could be detected in any good novel of the week before last.

Miss Hutchinson's technique is excellent. She begins with her hero entombed, with a boy, in a coal mine. While he awaits a doubtful rescue and the boy dies he reviews his life. The rescue is effected and then the tale begins to move rapidly. It is unusually simple and straightforward. A man living in uncongenial environment, working at detested work, married for convenience rather than love, yet "more loved than loving," is suddenly left with a farm in the Lincolnshire fens, the legacy of friends for whom he had worked in boyhood. He has the necessary knowledge to work the farm, and this, with his passionate obsession to possess land and make it thrive, equip him well. But he has no children and his wife is barren. The two themes intertwine: sometimes, indeed, they seem to unite and move together through the author's colorful prose. There is, perhaps, something unconvincing in the ultimate solution by which the man's wife unselfishly encourages him to associate with a girl on the farm so that there may be a child of her husband's to inherit the land. The plan is successful although both man and girl are at first unconscious of the wife's purpose. After some complications and the birth of a second child—(abortion kills the first in

(*Continued on next page*)

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Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

an ugly chapter)—there is a divorce and a new, but unsuccessful marriage. Ultimately both land and child are lost, the new wife proves unfaithful, and Baddock, reunited to his first wife, takes over the management of the farm he once inherited—a subtle half-tragedy.

Baddock, the central figure, is well and sympathetically conceived and Miss Hutchinson uses the mingled harshness and tenderness of his character to fine effect. Her women are less convincing because of the extreme improbability of the conflict between them. Nevertheless she has written an admirable book.

THREE WOMEN OF ANNAM. By CL. CHIVAS-BARON. Translated from the French by Faith Chipperfield. Frank-Maurice. 1925. $2.50.

The beautiful Thi-Vinh, in the first of these stories, falls in love with her father's steward, but is married to the Emperor of Annam, a very good-hearted emperor, oppressed by his conscience and his governmental duties. When he finds her secret diary, he sends her away to marry her first love. The second story deals with a common oriental custom: a beloved but childless wife is forced to choose her own successor. The last is the tale of Madame Hoa, who was purchased by three French officials in succession; her story is the most interesting of those which form this undistinguished volume.

Undistinguished, so the judgment runs, because the book follows the traditions of Pierre Loti without adding to those traditions. The descriptive passages are good, but the master could more than equal them. The plots, if stripped of their foreign trappings, would be unspeakably dull. The characters are empty vessels into which the author has poured his own emotions, including an immoderate respect for French achievements in her colonies. As for the English version, it is not free from errors, many of which can be detected without referring to the French text. On the first page, for example, the translator speaks of "grenadine flowers," a blossom neglected by English botanists and lexicographers. Grenadine is a syrup; it is made from pomegranates, the blossoms of which are fresh and a deep pink, like the mouth of the beautiful Thi-Vinh.

THE ROMANTIC PASSION OF DON LUIS. Translated from the Spanish of Henri Malo by ELLEN PRESTON. New York: Lincoln Mac Veagh, The Dial Press. 1925. $2.

This book is written, it seems to us, as a good historical romance should be written: in a compact modern style free from archaism and the *Impedimenta* of the old tradition, but free also from the glamourless realism of contemporary novels. It uses a method whereby modern firmness and ease of writing can unfold harmoniously a tale having the impulses and outlook of the sixteenth century. It is therefore what its author intends it to be, romantic. Had it an unromantic aim, such as John Erskine's "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," it could be as devoid of glamour, and as full of contemporaneity and realism, as it chose. But as romance it cannot.

The one mistake in Senor Malo's method is his way of bringing it up to date, from time to time, with certain references and comparisons. Pater in "Marius," and many others before and since, have done the same thing; it is quite suitable in cetrain kinds of writing—but not in a romantic story. There is no need for such references in a book whose chief merit is its romantically contrived narrative, and no extenuation in the fact that Senor Malo is perhaps a little ironic about the fuss and feathers of the days of chivalry; good irony can take care of itself. And here, surely, irony is far less important than romance; it well may be lacking entirely.

For this is the spirited story of a young Spanish hidalgo filled with chivalric ideals and bent on winning fame and fortune. He is no Don Quixote; he has excellent sense; he is devout, capable, courageous, unimaginative; and the story of his rise in the Spanish Lowlands, where he was washed ashore after the defeat of the Armada, is always plausible. About him Senor Malo has drawn a splendid historic background—Flanders under Spanish rule engaged in perennial plots and warfare against the Dutch. Into this world Don Luis is eventually absorbed through his relations with the Countess of Meerslede, a German Protestant by birth, externally devoted to the Spanish Church and State, but secretly an agent of the Dutch. She is Luis's bad angel and in the end, after suffering punishment herself, she succeeds in causing his downfall and death. She is the familar lady of these romantic pieces—beautiful, haughty, deceitful, unscrupulous, passionate.

The other lady—no less essential to the piece—is Genevieve, the daughter of a burgomaster, who inspires in Don Luis his lifelong romantic passion. The young girl herself hardly enters the story, but her vision in the mind of Don Luis hardly leaves it. I notice that another reviewer has wondered why she and Luis were never married. So far as the question of material obstacles goes, he is quite right in wondering; but I think he fails to consider that upon just such an unfulfilled yearning the whole romantic ardor rests. It is the point which colors the whole narrative—the symbol of that romantic chivalry which, by tradition at least, colors the whole era. It is one of those things which are unconvincing to modern minds, but which in historical romance such as this, and romance presented so colorfully as this, one is willing to accept. Furthermore, it harmonizes with our clearest impression (though it may be an erroneous impression) of such sixteenth century *mores* as time has sublimated.

THE SKYGIRL. By IVAN NARODNY. Britons Publishing Company. 1925.

The idea behind this sidereal drama is so original and the author occasionally manifests such an imaginative capacity and satiric potentiality that one regrets that the play is not just a bit more skilfully conceived and executed. In creating for us the "telebioscope," an instrument capable of perceiving what goes on in the stars, Mr. Narodny has opened up limitless possibilities; nor are those possibilities lessened by a second instrument affording us earth-dwellers the opportunity of "listening in" on the conversations of celestial races. But instead of taking full advantage of these unparalleled inventions of his, the author has merely made them the agency of recording the doings of a mechanical people actuated by a mania to regain their lost sex life. And even this task—which manifestly offers wide opportunities—has been accomplished but indifferently by Mr. Narodny; his characters seem mere marionettes, and the life-giving force that must make drama even on the stars does not sweep through them; while their dialogue is a little too human to seem quite astral, and yet a little too unearthly to seem quite human.

SWIFT ADVENTURE. By JANE CARDINAL. Doran. 1925. $2.

In a period of thirty brief days, through a fairly interesting but highly improbable set of events a young, rather retiring manufacturer changes place with one of his clerks; woos and wins an abused, but necessarily winsome stenographer; remedies 99 44/100% of all capitalistic evils; not to mention the discomfiture of the usual beautiful and unscrupulous adventuress and her internationally sought husband.

Of course, since this story centers about a business, there has to be some all important memoranda and documents. Only to give this stereotyped plot a different twist, the author has the hero steal the documents, rather than the villain. The result is the lightest of light fiction.

QUEER JUDSON. By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN. Appleton. 1925. $2.

The host of readers who eagerly await the appearance of the annual Lincoln novel should find the present one a worthy companion of its predecessors. More Cape Cod of course, this time with the fishing village of Wellmouth for a setting, the brothers Judson, one of them "Queer" and the other George, filling the stellar roles. Queer, or, to be less severe on his marked eccentricities, James Carey, while junior member of a Boston banking firm has been left bankrupt and in debt by a swindling partner. George takes his luckless brother home in disgrace to Wellmouth, where he tries to make a bookkeeper of him. The affection existing between the two brothers, the stout defense which George puts up for Carey against his detractors, and the heroic rally of Carey to George's side when the latter

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is threatened in his turn with financial disaster, supply the not unconventional dramatic developments of the story. It is wholesome, innocent, obvious entertainment, but Mr. Lincoln has a faculty for holding the attention, once he is given a hearing, even of readers who profess to scorn the type of fiction he offers.

THE FIRST FORTY-NINER. By JAMES A. B. SCHERER. Minton, Balch. 1925. $1.50.

Mr. Scherer did well to limit his tale of the first forty-niner and the golden tea-caddy, for no one who picks it up will be able to put it down again without reading it through. The rush of the subject pervades the narrative, and the haste of the gold-seeker engulfs the reader. This is the story of a city and of a man. The man is Sam Brannan, a Mormon, who sailed into Golden Gate Bay on the last day of July, 1846, with a shipload of Latter Day Saints, "including a hundred young ones suitable to grow up in a new country." And the city is San Francisco, the young San Francisco of which Bayard Taylor wrote, "Of the marvellous phases of the Present, San Francisco will most tax the belief of the Future." They were of stern stuff, these two: the city that rebuilt itself after destruction by fire six times in a year and a half, and drowned men and mules in the mud of its streets despite pavements of bags of coffee and flour and "even one piano"; the man who, when approached by Brigham Young's apostle sent to fetch the tithes that Brannan had been collecting from the miners, remarked "You go back and tell Brigham that I'll give up the Lord's money, when he sends me a receipt signed by the Lord, and *no sooner*." Mr. Scherer has told his story as it should be told, swiftly and without apologies, for whatever their vices, the city and the man, their courage overtopped them.

THE DEVIL IN LOVE. By JACQUES CAZOTTE. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $6.

Lovers of the fantastic and supernatural will welcome this translation from Jacques Cazotte, a French writer of the Eighteenth Century. While in no way a surpassing piece of literature, "The Devil in Love" is an interesting and imaginative work; it describes engagingly the ventures of a young Captain of the Guards who, being initiated into the arts of necromancy, is wooed and loved by an evil spirit in the form of a fascinating woman. In a sense the story is allegorical; and the symbolic element is emphasized by the demoralizing conclusion. The present translation, which was made by an unknown writer in 1793, is not unnaturally archaic in tone, and yet is both lucid and effective.

THE GREAT PACIFIC WAR. By HECTOR C. BYWATER. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $2.50.

Applying sound logic, to well-established conclusions, Mr. Bywater has in this book proceeded from the known facts of recent history and contemporary conditions to reason out in fiction form possible developments of the future. He has used as a starting point for his story the history of the relations of recent years between the United States and Japan, the international agreements entered into by them, and the political and economic conditions in and affecting each of these countries that might bring their interests into serious opposition. He has then taken into account contemporary world movements and their effect. From this basis, and with great plausibility, Mr. Bywater constructs a hypothetical war between the United States and Japan, of which his book purports to be a popular history written in a most graphic newspaper style.

Mr. Bywater's ideas and conclusions on the particular economic and strategic aspects of the situation that he conjures up are interesting, whether or not one may agree with them. His description of the land and naval engagements are most vivid and show an excellent grasp of tactics, though professional readers may take exception to some details. His views concerning the future use of aircraft seem very sound and are convincingly put.

In the end in his story Japan is defeated, and, according to a hypothetical Japanese historian, principally because the government accepted the advice of the army authorities, rather than that of the naval authorities. In view of the present discussions concerning the establishment of an independent air force, it may be pertinent to point out that the disagreements and lack of coördination that are portrayed as resulting from having two major services could only be increased if there were three.

Though written about war, "The Great Peace War" is far from being an argument for war, but is rather one against it; the final paragraphs of the book emphasizing the futility of an American-Japanese War. It is well worth while for the information that it contains and the views that it presents. To the lay reader it should be a gripping piece of fiction; to military and naval readers, professional or by avocation, it should be of absorbing interest, since it has a personal application. We can fit ourselves into what seems to be a technically very reasonable and true picture, and we can almost imagine the feelings of the homefolks if they should read the press accounts of a war such as the one portrayed, in which we were members of the expedition.

THE BRAND OF THE BEAST. By MICHAEL LEWIS. Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press. 1925. $2.

This tale is disappointing in that it arouses hopes that are not satisfied in the subsequent chapters. It begins by getting the reader "all het up" and ends by leaving him lukewarm. The promise of the publisher that it is "a novel worthy of Poe in its grimness and tensity" is not lived up to. Poe possessed a subtlety of method that aroused the reader to the highest pitch of imaginative terror. Michael Lewis never does this. Where Poe used the stiletto, Lewis uses a meat-axe.

But possibly the greatest error the author has made is in using a promising fictional situation as a vehicle for anti-German war propaganda. Mr. Lewis has taken the rather threadbare theme of a mad German who tries to glut his blood lust by killing all the Englishmen that he can get his hands on and gloating *à la* Monte Cristo as he enters the name of each new victim. Rather old stuff!

All that saves Mr. Lewis's novel from being mere moving picture material is a certain sense for drama that lifts his story at times to the plane of good story-telling. He has something of Conan Doyle's gift for creating a mood of terror but he has not that great story-teller's art in handling it. Sometimes his imaginative ball gets beyond control and he fumbles it. Yet he will bear watching. He has in him potentialities that should ultimately turn him into a master of the mystery story. As for "The Brand of the Beast" itself, you won't put it down until you have finished it, for despite its obvious defects it holds the interest.

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY. By *Oscar Wilde*. Dodd, Mead. $5.
THE BLACK CAT. By *Louis Tracy*. Clode. $2 net.
EVERY WIFE. By *Grant Richards*. Clode. $2 net.
BOOTH AND THE SPIRIT OF LINCOLN. By *Bernie Babcock*. Lippincott. $2.
SPANISH DOLLARS. By *Reginald Wright Kauffman*. Penn.
THE SINISTER MAN. By *Edgar Wallace*. Small, Maynard. $2.
THE SCHOOL OF PARIS. By *Robert A. Hamblin*. Brentano's. $2.60.
HILDA OF THE GREEN SMOCK. By *Pemberton Ginther*. Penn.
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THE LITTLE COCKALORUM FINDS ROMANCE. By *Wallis Simkins*. Penn.
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JEANNE'S HAPPY YEAR. By *Alice Ross Colver*. Penn.
LINCOLN FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By *Albert Britt*. Frank-Maurice. $2.
THE POLISH FAIRY BOOK. By *Elsie Byrde*. Stokes.

Foreign

MARCELLIN MAUCHARTIER. By ROBERT COIPLET. Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 1924.

This book is presumably the story of a young man who loved not wisely but too well, which Robert Coiplet has pieced together from a diary, some correspondence, descriptive fragments, and interviews. Really it is a good first novel, the sublimated story of the author himself. A favorable preface by M. Gaston Chérau introduces it to the French public.

This novel rises above the ordinary treatment of the theme of thwarted love because of the intensity of the hero Marcellin's passion. It is true, Marcellin is a sentimental idealist, and his passion is fired to white heat as much by an ecstatic

(*Continued on next page*)

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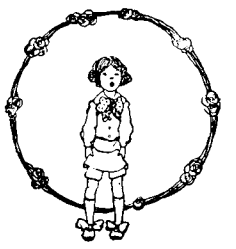

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Foreign

(*Continued from preceding page*)

[illegible] emotion; but the [illegible] he himself is the [illegible] reader of the reality [illegible]. When the story is ended, Mireille remains alive in the reader's [illegible] Mme. Martha and the other characters are less vivid creations because the author knows as yet no one so well as himself. The imprint of the beginner noticed in the style, the construction, and theme, does not, however, mar the genuine worth of one fine character portrayal.

LES JOUES EN FEU. By *Raymond Radiguet.* Paris: Grasset.

History

THE BEGINNINGS OF HISTORY ACCORDING TO THE JEWS. By CHARLES P. FAGNANI. A. & C. Boni. 1925. $1.

This is a new translation of the first eleven chapters of Genesis from the Hebrew, with a foreword, notes, and a brief summary of conclusions. The author is professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Literature in Union Theological Seminary. In a sub-title he styles his little book "a contribution to the discussion of Fundamentalism," and in his foreword he remarks that the controversy between the Fundamentalists and the Modernists turns largely upon their opposing views of these opening chapters of Genesis. He reminds us that the Old Testament was not revealed in English, and that since 1611 very much has been learned in regard to the Hebrew language and literature, while a flood of new light has been thrown on the history of ancient Semitic ideas and institutions.

Those who are familiar with the recent history of Old Testament science will not need to be told that the new translation is scholarly, and the discussion clear and concise. Starting from the postulate that Genesis i-xi consists of myths and primitive folk-lore (much of it borrowed by the Hebrews) the attempt is made to reconstruct, by analysis, rearrangement, and omission of some later additions, the original narratives and other elements now combined in our traditional text. In general, this reconstruction embodies conclusions well known and generally accepted by scholars. As to numerous minor details, on the other hand, there would doubtless be considerable difference of opinion.

It is perhaps unlikely that this uncompromising little volume will make converts among those who have already prescribed the course which divine revelation must take. It seems plain, indeed, that the intention of the author is to instruct an inquiring public rather than to disturb those who are not open to conviction. The members of either group will certainly be stimulated, in this or that way, by numerous features of this new translation.

THE GREAT HISTORIANS. By KENNETH BELL and GLADYS M. MORGAN. Macmillan. 1925. $3.25.

Perhaps there are few people left who spend delightful hours, night after night, in reading Carlyle's "Oliver Cromwell" or Macaulay's "History of England." We seem to demand our intellectual as well as our material food predigested. In such circumstances, there is probably ample justification for an anthology of historians to place on our shelves beside similar abbreviations of poets, dramatists, and philosophers. That much granted, there can be no question that the editors of the present volume have well fulfilled their task. They have fully succeeded in demonstrating their thesis, which particularly calls for demonstration to present day historians, that the writing of history can also be literature. Gibbon, Green, Freeman, Michelet, Froude, Motley, Prescott, Parkman, Ranke, Lecky, Macaulay, Carlyle, Stubbs, and a score of others are represented by selections chosen unerringly for both literary and historical value. The wise policy has been adopted of giving French authors in the original, German in translation. Copious and scholarly notes show that the work has been a labor of love on the part of the editors.

International

THE NEUROSES OF THE NATIONS. By C. E. PLAYNE. Seltzer. 1925. $5.

This book is a psychoanalysis of international relations in the sense that Miss (or is it Mrs?) Playne attempts to show that the war was the inevitable effect of a neurotic state of national mind. This is all very well as far as it goes. There must be an effect which owes its origin to human weakness, or strength, human sanity, or human madness; but how are we to be sure of which is which?

The author tries to make this clear. War is madness, or at any rate it is the fashion to believe it so, although war as well as peace has its uses. It may be assumed that the pacifists were the only sane people before and in the last war and that everybody else, suffering from a neurotic disease caused by the various national leaders was insane. This is an amazing theory, of which it may be said that the elements are commonplace enough to pass for undigested truths.

The author deals with Germany and France in this book and is able to refer to numerous examples in history which bear out her theory. History, however, can be made to fit any theory, and, apart from the immense amount of research which it has entailed, is strictly speaking valueless to her argument that war is the effect of neurosis. If in peace time nations are supposed to be more normal than they are in wartime, which they are, what has to be decided is how far national "nerves" are responsible for actions undertaken against common sense.

In this book the nail is never hit on the head, which is a great pity; for there is undoubtedly a fact that we do act frequently against our better judgment and it is likewise with nations. It is useless to talk about herd-madness, or crowd psychology, in the light of an event which has just taken place, which is what the author does, when the real cause of that event, and therefore its true psychic significance, lies in the past.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS. By RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL. Holt. 1925. $5.

Lord Grey, in his recent book of memoirs, describes governments as "the executive committees of nations," and diplomacy as the dealings which these committees have with each other. There has for long been a decided need for a book that would inquire into and classify the nature of these relations, and such a book Professor Buell has written.

Some idea will be had of the complexity of international relations when it is stated that this book covers over seven hundred pages; it considers such subjects, all of which vitally affect foreign relations, as nationalism, anthropology, economics, finance, religion, imperialism, war, armaments, diplomacy, peace, etc. The book is, of course, a text book and, like all text books, it is not to be taken as a final authority; indeed, there is much that the author is unable to consider and again much that is, perhaps, ill-considered. How could it be otherwise with a book the very nature of which, owing to its partial novelty, touches upon questions that are of burning consequence to the world in which we live?

On the whole it can be said that Professor Buell has created a work of great merit. With equal truth it can be said that if he were to rewrite it a book of even greater merit would be evolved. There is a good deal of repetition, some of which seems necessary, some of which seems unnecessary, and some of which is plainly annoying. Yet, in spite of these petty drawbacks, a clear, comprehensive account of the world's institutions is presented with a historical, contemporary, and scientific background which in itself pays high tribute to the wide knowledge of the learned author. But it is a thousand pities that the last third of the book, which deals with the settlement of international disputes, is vitiated by partisan opinions.

COURTS AND COUNTRIES AFTER THE WAR. By *the Infanta Eulalia of Spain.* Dodd, Mead. $3. MOSUL AND ITS MINORITIES. By *Harry Charles Luke.* London: Martin Hopkinson.

Juvenile

WONDER CLOCK PLAYS. By SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH. Harpers. 1925. $2.

"The Wonder Clock" fairy and folk tales of Howard Pyle continue to be read and reread by boys and girls everywhere and these play adaptations by Sophie L. Goldsmith of five of his most successful stories should become equally popular, with the added thrill of footlights, make-up, and costume. It is a volume which should find a place on the shelves of summer camps, of libraries, and schools every where, for the plays themselves are charmingly done and deserve to have many performances. Mrs. Goldsmith has managed to preserve the spirit and vigor of the old tales in a really remarkable way, without apparently being hampered in the gaining of her dramatic effects. And this is no easy task! In a number of cases she has been forced to telescope much of the action and combine scenes that in the stories followed a different order. Here again we felt a sure sense of technique, and though we have long known and loved the stories in their original form, we felt that nothing of their individuality and charm had been lost, while much had been gained from a dramatic standpoint. Never for a moment does the playright forget that the parts are to be played by children themselves. The lines are simple and vivid and not too long as to speeches. Often in such cases lines become stilted and simplified to the point of flavorlessness. Fortunately Mrs. Goldsmith was having too good a time with the characters herself to let them lose any of their sprightlinesss.

Of the five plays our favorite is "The Staff and the Fiddle," but then we confess to a partiality for fiddles and Fiddlers, for Trolls, Tinkers, Princesses, and little huts in tall fir woods! The other four deal with the adventures of "Master Jacob," and tell about "How the Princess's Pride was Broken;" "How Boots Befooled the King," and "How One Turned His Trouble to Good Account." Most of them are in several scenes, with opportunities for outdoor settings and delightful costumes. Some very practical notes describe how these may be made without too much trouble to mothers and directors, and the plays are illustrated with photographs and a number of Howard Pyle's most spirited illustrations from "The Wonder Clock." We cannot think of a better collection of Folk Story plays to recommend for Juvenile Theatricals.

THE OLD MOTHER GOOSE NURSERY RHYME BOOK. New York: Nelson. 1925.

Anne Anderson's delicate color illustrations to the beloved old Mother Goose rhymes add fresh attraction to a book that has never failed to charm the fancy of the young. This edition, with its handsome paper, clear print, and attractive black and white drawings supplementing its pictures in color, is one that any small child would prize.

PLAYTIME AND COMPANY. By E. V. LUCAS. Doran. 1925.

Despite the fact that his verses have in many cases a distinctively English slant Mr. Lucas's rhymes have enough of the illusion that appeals to the fancy of children in any land to make them of general interest. And the illustrations which Ernest H. Shepard has supplied for them are of quite irresistible charm. Mr. Lucas's sportiveness of fancy is sufficient to carry a rather slim metrical facility; his themes are simple but his handling of them graceful, and his good humor frequently rises to fun. Pictures and rhymes together make a pleasing book for the Christmas table.

TONY SARG'S BOOK OF ANIMALS. Greenberg. 1925.

Very small folk will find much to delight them in this tale of the adventures of two dogs and the monkey they adopted as companion after an unexpected adventure in the jungle. Freckles and Peter, the beloved playmates of their little girl owners, were a frolicsome pair, not overgiven to obedience, whose escapes from their young mistresses led to varied experiences. Their visit to a jungle Amusement Park in especial affords Mr. Sarg opportunity for the exercise of his diverting art, and the pictures which he has furnished for every page of the book will prove most entertaining to youngsters.

THE LITTLE DISCOVERERS. By AMY LE FEUVRE. Penn. 1925.

It is inevitable that this little story of childhood adventures should challenge comparison with "The Golden Age," "Dream Days" and the more recently published "Explorers of the Dawn." Unfortunately it doesn't quite measure up to such standards, for it lacks the poetic charm and delectable atmosphere of the first two, and the sturdy humor and sense of rapturous adventure which overflowed the third. Still, this little book should be mentioned among Fall Juveniles as at least an attempt at something better than the

(*Continued on page 396*)

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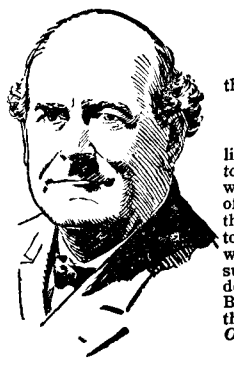

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Every Man To His Taste

By Amy Loveman

WE NOTICE that a Fifth Avenue jeweller not far from our own unresplendent offices has sent out a circular announcing Christmas gifts that range from platinum bar pins to five dice in a gold box with an introductory quotation from Seneca to the effect that "the greatest of gifts depend not so much on the amount, as the time when they are given." We would amend the worthy Roman's statement to read, "and the appropriateness with which they are chosen," for what boots it a man to get a stirrup if he never rides or a cheroot if he never smokes? Better a fountain pen where writing is than a radio for a deaf man. And so with books. Better the mysteries of a detective story for the reader who demands thrills than the profoundest analysis of the subtleties of the human soul.

Rich man, poor man, beggar man,—no, not thief, for we none of us number among the recipients of our Christmas favors any thief except such as steals our time,—doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, each has his preference in reading as in other matters, and each doubtless would hail with joy the proper book upon his Christmas table. Or a box of books, —happiness in every box, you know. So here is a selection to meet a variety of tastes, volumes to be given either singly or several together.

If you are rich yourself and on the principle that "to him that hath shall be given" want to present your wealthy friend with a gift of luxurious proportions send him one of the fine editions that would grace even the shelves of a sumptuous library, the edition of the works of Stephen Crane which Knopf is bringing out, and which contains all except the most ephemeral of Crane's writings together with careful introductions to the separate volumes; The Oscar Wilde, issued by Gabriel Wells; the set of Collected Plays of Eugene O'Neill (Boni & Liveright); the Jowett's "Dialogues of Plato" which has recently emerged from the press of the Oxford University Press after having passed into temporary exhaustion as the result of an accident to the electros of the pages during the War (*timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes* was not spoken of this set); the handsome Galsworthy which Scribners have been issuing over a period of months; the delectable Wells which Gabriel Wells is publishing, and if your purse is not quite so long as these sets would augur and the friends whose library you would help in furnishing not so elaborate, the South Seas Edition of Robert Louis Stevenson (Scribners), or the Biographical Edition of the Works of O. Henry (Doubleday, Page).

But let us be more modest, and turn our thoughts from sets to individual works. There is your merchant friend, who incidentally may be a rich man or may be a chief but at all events is interested in public affairs, and yet who on occasions likes a dash of fiction or *belles lettres* to season his soberer reading. He is the man, of course, who will be eminently interested in such works as Viscount Grey's "Twenty-Five Years" (Stokes), (two stout volumes which no student of history can afford to go without) and in the third volume of Ambassador Page's Letters (Doubleday, Page), a fascinating record, and he will be interested, too, in Joseph Bucklin Bishop's "Notes and Anecdotes of Many Years" (Scribners) with its comment on the personalities of recent political history. In his moments of relaxation he will welcome seeing himself, or others of his ilk, as writers like W. E. Woodward in "Bread and Circuses" (Harpers) or Felix Riesenberg in "P. A. L." (McBride) see him. If he wants wisdom wrapped about with poetic fancy and mellowed by age he will rejoice if you make him a present of Arthur Ryder's translation of the "Panchatantra" (University of Chicago Press), a delightful book not only for him but for any thoughtful reader.

There is another group of books which should appeal to the man who relishes adventure in personal life or in business. It includes the invigorating biography of one of those Americans by adoption who have done so much to add lustre to their foster land, Michael Pupin's "From Immigrant to Inventor" (Scribner) which has recently appeared in a new edition, and it includes also Ida Tarbell's "Life of Judge Gary," (Appleton). Llewelyn Powys's "Skin for Skin" (Harcourt, Brace), is the sort of autobiographical record that should meet many tastes, while Col. Homer W. Wheeler's "Buffalo Days," (Bobbs-Merrill), Owen P. White's "Them Was the Days" (Minton, Balch), and Fred Erving Dayton's "Steamboat Days" (Stokes), are good, sturdy chronicles that should stir the blood of those to whom strenuous days seem romantic. And for a fillip to digestion send along to the man who rejoices in action one or more of the novels with a tang,—"The Red Cord," by Thomas Grant Springer (Brentanos), "The Scarlet Cockerel," by C. M. Sublette (Little, Brown), "The Rasp," by Philip MacDonald (Dial), and—a novel of a different type—Conrad's unfinished romance, "Suspense" (Doubleday, Page.) This latter, to judge by the essays submitted in the contest so lately conducted by our journal, leads men's imaginings to violence of every sort, for most of the suggested conclusions to the novel closed the tale with as much luridness as ends the drama of "Hamlet."

And now for a group of milder sort, books to be enjoyed when an idle evening promises prospect of cosy comfort, with time enough to get well into a novel or ease enough to make short stories or the sort of biography that has more piquancy than history the most fitting choice of reading. Man or woman with such an evening stretching before and the day's toil behind would turn grateful thoughts toward the Christmas giver who had supplied his table with Swinnerton's "The Elder Sister" (Doran), a novel as delicate in its artistry as anything its author has done; Galsworthy's "Caravan," (Scribner), a collection of short stories, "More Aces" (Putnam), a volumne in which fifteen authors have united to provide entertaining pastime; Hugh Walpole's "The Portrait of a Man with Red Hair" (Doran); Mrs. E. M. Ward's "Memories of Ninety Years" (Holt), a lively chronicle through which pass figures of the political and social world of the last nine decades in England; E. F. Benson's "Mother," (Doran), the portrait of a remarkable woman, and, to swing back to fiction again, "The Virtuous Husband," by Freeman Tilden (Macmillan), and "The Tortoiseshell Cat," by Naomi G. Royden Smith (Boni & Liveright), an author who will bear watching. Then by way of variety there is the new edition of "When We Were Very Young," by A. A. Milne (Dutton), a book for children that has as completely captivated the hearts of their elders as it has their own, and, just by way of supplement to it, "The King's Breakfast" (Dutton), in which Milne with delightful foolery has solemnly analyzed the situation described in the poem of that name in the former book. And, for good measure, since you are slipping in a Milne volume among more sedate fellows, you might add three volumes of essays in which his graceful art is revealed at its most winsome, "Not That It Matters," "If I May," and "The Sunny Side." (Dutton).

We are not through yet with suggestions for the gentle reader, and we use "gentle" advisedly meaning the friend who likes his (or perhaps it is more often her) reading to reflect life not in the raw or in troublous guise but in pleasant fashion. Even "The Perennial Bachelor," by Anne Parrish, the Harpers prize winning novel, though it depicts the decay of a family, has a comfortable, old-fashioned flavor to a large part of its chronicle, with reminiscent vignettes of bygone days when people were singing Spanish War songs, and nice girls didn't use lipsticks, that brings it into the category of books for this "gentle" reader. Then there's Nora Archibald Smith's life of her sister, "Kate Douglas Wiggin" (Houghton Mifflin), a gracious personality who has left behind a fragrant memory, and to whose own delightful reminiscences this book should be a welcome addition, and Gamaliel Bradford's "Wives" (Harpers), which presents to the women of today portraits of some of their noteworthy predecessors, and Stella Benson's vivacious travel sketches, entitled "The Little World" (Macmillan). To give a dash of holiday flavor add Temple Bailey's "The Holly Hedge" (Penn), a quintet of Christmas stories, two of which are certain to engage the fancy of children, and the remaining three of which are

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intended for their parents. Two more works of fiction could very well go with this group, Booth Tarkington's "Women," (Doubleday, Page), a series of tales of suburbia, and Sophie Cleugh's "Ernestine Sophie" (Macmillan).

And so we come to our friends of the professions, doctor, clergyman, teacher, journalist. If you are very grateful to your physician, and who that has ever had a family physician is not, you have the means preëminently at hand to convey your appreciative thought. For the Oxford University Press has issued in two stout volumes "The Life of Sir William Osler," by Harvey Cushing, a work in which is mirrored a great heart and a great soul, and one that while a possession to be coveted by the layman should prove veritable treasure trove to any member of the medical fraternity. Your friend the physician will certainly find much of absorbing interest also in Janet's "Psychological Healing" (Macmillan), and when he wishes to turn to less technical treatises that still have bearing on his work will be glad to have at hand Joseph Collins's "The Doctor Looks at Biography" (Doran), and Jeannette Marks's "Genius and Disaster" (Adelphi) wherein is set forth a series of generalizations on the effect of alcohol and drugs on certain celebrities. The doctor, too, would no doubt derive much interest from C. E. Payne's "The Neuroses of the Nations" (Seltzer) and Charles Richet's "Idiot Man" (Brentanos), and, if like all other mortals he seeks diversion at times in fiction, he will find it if you give him J. D. Beresford's "The Monkey Puzzle" (Bobbs-Merrill) which has enough of psychological bearing to engage his attention. And then, of course, there's "Arrowsmith." (Harcourt, Brace), Sinclair Lewis's exposition, or *exposé*, if you so choose to regard it, of the status of the medical profession.

What book or books to send your clergyman? Why not David Grayson's "Adventures in Understanding" (Doubleday, Page), not because it has any greater pertinence for a man of the cloth than for his fellows, but because its mellow philosophy of life and its genial spirit should appeal to any thoughtful man? And with it you might send Kenneth B. Murdock's "Increase Mather" (Harvard University Press), a study of that noteworthy colonial divine whose fame shines through the ages, and R. W. King's "Parson Primrose" (Doran), a life of the genial friend of Lamb and translator of Dante. The priest, particularly, but the clergyman of any sect and indeed the historical student in general will find fascinating material in the volume entitled, "The Jesuit Relations" (A. & C. Boni), a substantial book into which Edna Kenton has compressed some of the most picturesque records of the Jesuit missionaries who made their way into the heart of savage America. Another volume whose interest is wide enough for the general public but is specially great for the clergyman is Hendrik Van Loon's "Tolerance" (Boni & Liveright). Finally, so that your minister be not without relaxation for his lighter hours we list for your choice and his entertainment A. S. M. Hutchinson's "One Increasing Purpose" (Little, Brown), a best-seller whose earnest piety should recommend it to the clergy as its story does it to the laity and Katherine Newlin Burt's "Quest" (Houghton Mifflin), "the story," as its publishers describe it, "of a youth's search for God."

The journalist, of course, is a man of many minds and many interests, and the books that appeal to students of history, politics, and public affairs will naturally have their interest for him. But if you would send him something that has specific bearing on his profession you might make your choice for him from among such volumes as H. W. Nevinson's "More Changes, More Chances" (Harcourt, Brace), "The Life and Letters of W. T. Stead," by Frederic Whyte (Houghton Mifflin), Walter Lippmann's "The Phantom Public" (Harcourt, Brace), and Oscar King Davis's "Released for Publication" (Houghton Mifflin).

This journalist, as we have said, will be interested also in the large group of important books which will have particular significance for the student of history. Here indeed, are riches this season, an embarrassment of riches, in fact, for so many and so impressive are the historical biographies in especial that have appeared that it will be difficult to make choice between them. If the friend you would favor is a student of American history there is first and foremost the four volume "Diaries of George Washington," edited by John C. Fitzpatrick (Houghton Mifflin), the first complete issue of the journals of the Father of His Country. But why stop short with that when pressing it close for first place in interest come Francis W. Hirst's "The Life and Letters of Thomas Jefferson" (Macmillan), "Jefferson and Hamilton," by Claude C. Bowers (Houghton Mifflin), "The Correspondence of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, 1812-1826," selected by Paul Wilstach (Bobbs-Merrill), Samuel H. Wandell and Meade Minnigerode's "Aaron Burr" (Putnam), and "The Life and Letters of James Abram Garfield," edited by Theodore C. Smith (Yale University Press)? If you want to send your friend a spicy biography add to these more weighty ones J. P. Marquand's "Lord Timothy Dexter of Newburyport, Mass." (Minton, Balch), give him Katherine Fullerton Gerould's "The Aristocratic West" (Harpers), to let him see what part of his country is developing into today, and send along the reissue of Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage" (Appleton), that unexcelled novel of the Civil War by a man who never saw it, Thomas Boyd's "Samuel Drummond" (Scribners), a tale of the same period; Henry Adams's "Democracy" (Holt), now after this long lapse of years since its writing first issued over its author's name, and, just to give zest by variety, John G. Neihardt's "The Song of the Indian Wars" (Macmillan).

Not only the friend with a taste for American history can this year be presented with a book to his liking but the one whose interest lies primarily in European annals. For him the season provides E. T. Raymond's "Disraeli: Alien Patriot" (Doran), Albert Bigelow Paine's two-volume study of Joan of Arc (Macmillan), Hilaire Belloc's "A History of England" (Putnam), a work written from the Catholic point of view which will prove interesting if provocative to the non-Catholic by reason of its interpretation, Katharine Anthony's "Catherine the Great" (Knopf), a work the emphasis of which is laid on personality rather than events, "The Correspondence of Earl Russell," edited by G. P. Gooch (Longmans, Green), the new volume of the Farington Diary (Doran); St. John Ervine's study of Parnell (Little, Brown), a work that will evoke a sympathetic response from some and indignant protests from others, but which will supply spicy reading for all. Leaven the lump of this learning with the charming "Letters from England," by Karel Capek (Doubleday, Page), and by way of serving up history in fiction form send along "My Tower in Desmond," in which S. R. Lysaght chronicles the revolution in Ireland. Military students will be certain to welcome General Harbord's "Leaves from a War Diary" (Dodd, Mead), General Bullard's "Personalities and Reminiscences of the War" (Doubleday, Page), and General Mitchell's "Winged Defense" (Putnam), and those whose interest is primarily in recent international affairs will rejoice to receive any of the following volumes:—"Israel," by Ludwig Lewisohn (Boni & Liveright), "A Diplomat Looks at Europe," by Richard Washburn Child (Duffield), "International Relations," by Raymond L. Buell (Holt), and "A Grammar of Politics," by Harold J. Laski (Yale).

It's all very well to be regarding your friends as persons of serious mind, who when they return from the day's work settle down to slippered ease with a good solid work of history, or a knotty discussion of philosophy, to bear them company, but as a matter of fact if you admit the truth you will probably concede that they, even as you and I, find a novel the form of reading that most comfortably fits into hours of relaxation. That's not to say that they are clamoring for detective stories (though certainly many of them are), but that they want something fantastic, romantic, diverting, or even analytical that will carry their thoughts into grooves other than those they travel in business hours. For these friends you might choose either single volumes or a group from a list that begins brilliantly with Elinor Wylie's "Venetian Glass Nephew" (Doran), a beautifully polished piece of work; Christopher Morley's subtle and delicate "Thunder on the Left" (Doubleday, Page); David Garnett's "The Sailor's Return" (Knopf), as successful an adventure into the fantastic as his earlier tales, H. G. Wells's "Christina Alberta's Father" (Macmillan), a return to the fantastic mood of Wells's earlier period; "Possession" (Stokes) in which Louis Bromfield continues his portrayal of American life; Sherwood An-

(*Continued on page* 395)

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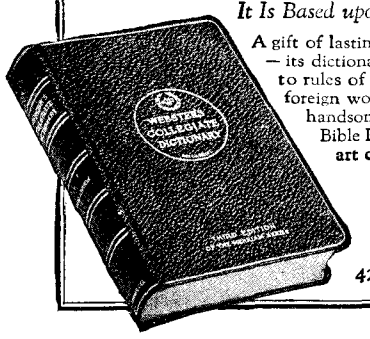

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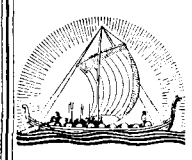

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The Phoenix Nest

WE ARE always finding people contrary minded. * * * Here is *Mr. Laurence Stallings* who said he was practically bored to death by *John Dos Passos's* "Manhattan Transfer,"—while to us "Manhattan Transfer" is the book we now carry around with us wherever we go, to read on subways, in quick lunches, on the stairs of apartment houses, in the Grand Central Station, climbing to the Elevated, on cross-town cars, in taxi-cabs, in express elevators, thridding the aisles of department stores, etc., etc. * * * And that is the way "Manhattan Transfer" *should* be read, in vivid snatches, in the midst of interruptions, while the movers are dumping your furniture on the dusty floor of the new apartment, or while the cruel landlord is setting the same furniture out on the sidewalk for you! * * * To us it is a gorgeous goulash of New York,—to us it *is* New York, as it roars and seethes around us. It is inconsecutiveness complicatedly articulate; it is a string of news items informed with the true colors and noises and emotional burble of the living city; it is all the sordidness of the big town bathed in strange glamour. * * * We have had little difficulty in keeping the characters separated or picking up the threads that are constantly dropped and twitched again. The living shuttles ply on a vast loom. That the book conveys some idea of the size of that loom, and the myriad colours of the tapestry it weaves, is a triumph in itself. * * * We find the opinion of Mr. *Thomas Beer*, upon this book, more sympathetic, more sensitive to its texture. * * * To our peculiar temperament it is a fascination; it has the gusto of youth with all senses alert to the startling impacts of life in Manhattan. * * * There are passages in Beer's own "The Fair Rewards," a book that fascinated us several years ago, that have left on our mind as strong an impress,—there are bits of "The Great Gatsby" and several passages in *Van Vechten's* "Firecrackers." "Modern Manhattan has sat for her portrait," as the blurbists say, to Van Vechten, Beer, Fitzgerald, and Dos Passos most successfully, at least to our own taste. Their diverse styles have successfully coaxed answers from the great stone sphinx. * * * And speaking of Beer, we are depressed because his volume, "The Mauve Decade," has been postponed. We saw it announced and had been hoping to see it appear. When it *does* appear we venture to say that it will be as unique a record of the mauve '90s in America as *Holbrook Jackson's* "The Eighteen Nineties" was of that green-carnation period in England. * * * The author, of course, claims only extreme inconsequentiality for this work; which is all in its favor * * * On a recent Sunday we read a poem quoted in the press from *G. K.'s Weekly*, a poem that greatly pleased us, four verses of it. The fifth verse, we think, could well have been omitted. The poem was called "The Fabled Ones" and was written by *Stella Gibbons*. We are going to quote it here, the four verses of it which in our opinion make a complete poem, because it is excellent:

THE FABLED ONES

There dwelt between two mountain horns
A herd of snowy unicorns,
Whose fodder was the serpent-grass
And drink the ice-stream, green as glass.

Wild, glancing eyes and wincing head
The silvery beast that led them had;
And garnet nostrils, stretching wide
With his fierce breath of pride.

'Mid thick-flowered grass like green flames
They played at ancient, savage games,
Or cropped, with black, selective tongue
The moss that from the wet rocks hung.

No ear had heard their love call ring
From their rock lairs, in early spring;
Nor heard them fight, with bell-clear neigh,
The eagle through the long, blue day.

* * * We are glad to see that *Sean O'Casey's* "Juno and the Paycock" has been having a great reception in London. This young Irish playwright has been called "the finest discovery of Dublin's Abbey Theatre since *Synge*," and, upon reading "Juno" we were willing to admit it. That play is great tragi-comedy. * * * About the worst poem we have ever read appeared in the *New York Times* recently anent the death of the Queen-Mother. It was styled "Farewell to Alexandra" and subheaded "A Sequel to 'A Welcome to Alexandra' May 7, 1863." * * * Lines such as "Think of her life with good replete," "That joy be awaiting her 'over there,' " "Gone for aye is the Royal pair," "There's an undertone in our hearts that is glad," etc. are proof of what we say. * * * It is astonishing to us that occasional verse in the newspapers should be so atrocious. Why use occasional verse at all if it is not distinguished? Outside of the poetry sometimes used in certain newspaper "columns" (and some of this is of a high order) the daily press seems to us to encourage the most piffling and puling poetasting. No one in any city room seems to know a good line of poetry when he sees it. Why doesn't some one on the city desk occasionally take half an hour off to learn that stringing "thee," "thou" and "ye" through a stanza doesn't make a poem? * * * We have been tooting the horn for *John G. Neihardt's* "The Song of the Indian Wars" all over the place. It is a grand piece of work. And now we see that a new book of his has just come off the press, a critical book, "Poetic Values." In the first of the two essays included, "Common Sense," Mr. Neihardt shows the relation between the scientific and poetic processes; in the second, "The Creative Dream," he states with new vigor the value to civilization of the art process. Neihardt has thoroughly learned his craft, and his analyses therefore are of unusual interest. * * * This, we understand, is the Christmas number, though it's still twenty days till Christmas. We ought to wish you all sorts of things. One thing we do wish you is success in your Christmas shopping. But if you don't buy a copy of "Manhattan Transfer" we hope you get lost in the revolving doors! * * * Incidentally Mr. Dos Passos is not paying us anything for harping upon his novel! And no, we did *not* write the poems of *Nathalia Crane*. * * * *G. F. Scotson-Clark* who wrote that valuable "Kitchenette" book sails for England today and is to talk there on "Domestic Economy" (i.e. quick cookery!) Thence he goes to the South of France, to be back here in May. * * * The other day we got mixed up at a dinner and remarked that *Jane Addams* had written "The Life of Judge Gary." We were feeling expansive at the time. But we tried to save our face by hastening to add that Jane Addams and *Ida M. Tarbell* were the same person. * * * Of course we know they *aren't* the same person. * * * And Ida M. Tarbell didn't write any of Jane Addams's poems, either. * * * That is, if Jane ever wrote any. * * * There is a rumor of course that *Deems Taylor* writes all *Irving Berlin's* music for him. * * * But we don't believe that either. * * * Neither do we give any credence to the report that *Jack Barrymore* is really *Walter Hampden*. * * * We like that "Bradstreet of Filmdom," *The Film Daily*, because we recently learned from it that the M. P. T. O. of Washington had elected *L. A. Drinkwine* its president. Said *L. A. Drinkwine* to *John Drinkwater*—Oh, you finish it! * * * It's a long distance between drinks. * * * We heartily approve *Leonard Merrick's* affirmed purpose of making his visit to the United States "A Sentimental Journey," rather than a lecture and publicity campaign. * * * What a relief to find a Briton of this calibre! He came simply "because I love the American public for reading my books." There spoke an honest man! * * * Merrick used to get less than two dollars per for his stories, stories of "baronets' heirs and sprightly duchesses" which he wrote in a lowly lodging for a certain weekly. * * * In concluding his speech at the Coffee House he said,

Gentlemen, you have welcomed many English authors who have made far better speeches, and many who have done far better work, but you have never welcomed one who has come to you with more love for your land.

* * * Being a sentimental old thing, we certainly do cotton to an utterance like that! Our slogan now is, "More Merricks!" * * * Yet how could there be more! * * * Listen, audience-if-any, we have to go out now and do our Christmas scrapping early. So, well-beloved, farewell!

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Press Comment

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Points of View

More On Boys' Reading

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Since receiving your issue of November 7th I have thought a good deal about Mr. O. J. Lewis's "Prep School for Rotarians." My objections to that article have so multiplied that I must crave your indulgence in hearing them, even if their length prohibits publication.

The essay is cleverly worded. It aims at higher standards in writing, more intelligent reading, and greater freedom for editors and subscribers. It lambastes the mental lethargy induced by movies and the radio. With those aims and that indictment I heartily agree. But the crux of Mr. Lewis's thesis is that juvenile literature of the present day is generally bad, frustrating those aims and further enfeebling the national intelligence. Any man reasonably well acquainted with current juvenile magazines and books must here dissent; and every discerning reader of "Prep School for Rotarians" cannot help seeing that its author has adroitly chosen only such material for his argument as will support that crux, and deliberately shunned any that might refute it. There is much that refutes it.

His opening statement, that "no reader of the publishers' lists can . . . escape the conclusion that here, (juvenile books) more than in any other department of publishing, the standards are relaxed and the bars let down," goes unsupported: for Mr. Lewis examines only magazines. It is true that many juvenile serials are later published in book form; yet it is also true that a vast number of long stories are sent direct to the publishers, and that a still greater number, printed serially, never find their way into permanent form. Mr. Lewis has no right, I believe, to argue that children's books are bad on the strength of what must have been a pretty cursory examination of two boys' magazines.

In the second paragraph he observes that a child has no natural love of reading. There is a child in my house, and there are about sixteen children in my immediate neighborhood, who present startlingly audible evidence against this view. Books are brought home from the first and second grades, the day's achievements voiced over and over again; words are spotted on the back page of the evening paper and triumphantly shouted to as friends; nursery rhymes are lisped with a new gusto, for now some parts can be spelled. Natural love of reading? It is more than that. It is a profound delight, a dazzling and never satisfied pride. But one might know that Mr. Lewis would go wrong on this point. Actually, he thinks children are still taught to read by first memorizing the alphabet.

We reach the magazines which Mr. Lewis uses as proof of his contention. They are *Boys' Life* and the *American Boy*. His argument is that, since the size and general format of these periodicals are similar to those of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and since these periodicals have slogans booming their merits, and since (also like the *Post*) by securing much advertising they make money enough to pay comparatively high prices for stories—therefore their influence is pernicious. Now I will not enter into discussion bearing on the merits and defects of Mr. Curtis's weekly—although it may do no harm to suggest that with Joseph Hergesheimer, Ben Ames Williams, Elsie Singmaster, Thomas Beer, and Melville Davisson Post appearing there fairly regularly, much worse reading matter can be found. I should like to point out the futility, the worm-eaten logic of an argument which avers that, because one magazine is like another simply in physical appearance and business policy, its literary standards are as low (or as high, or as anything else) and its effects are as mentally debilitating on another class of readers. I should like to call attention to astonishing omissions in Mr. Lewis's juveniles. He disregards *St. Nicholas*, which is nothing like the *Post*. He is silent about the *Youth's Companion* (the oldest juvenile) and the *Boys' Magazine*, neither of which has any resemblance to the *Post* and both of which have lately taken on new and vigorous leases of life. He omits the *American Girl*, the *Open Road*, the *Haversack*, the *Torch Bearer*, the David C. Cook publications, the Sunday School periodicals—all of which are flourishing, and most of which I think would take violent offense at the charge that they are aping anybody.

Midway in his essay Mr. Lewis palpably shifts ground. He rested his lance on the child's desire or distaste for reading, at the start. Before he is through we find him substituting "literary taste." If the two were one, there would have been no need for his article. His complete misunderstanding of juvenile fiction is illustrated by the following sentence: "The success of the writer in this field is in precise, mathematical proportion to the extent to which he succeeds in shielding his reader from the necessity of exercising his intelligence." Let Mr. Lewis concoct a story which lacks a subtle climax, an ingenious plot-germ or solution that will avoid both the obvious and the obscure, which presents action without demanding cerebration, which draws stock characters, trite situations, old scenes. Let him try this yarn on his juvenile editors. He will collect good wishes and rejection slips.

No: Mr. Lewis is wrong, almost wholly and lamentably wrong. In the hands of juvenile editors there is, as he says, "an instrument of unequalled power, one which has a nearer approach to the centre of the problem than any other agency." Their use of that instrument has always been hindered: by faulty tastes in children whose parents allow them anything they find; by the necessity of building up circulation and securing advertising in order to live, and thus partially catering to these tastes; finally by the very impression which Mr. Lewis has made deeper—the impression on the part of the general public that all books for children are either Nick Carters or Little Peppers, trashy or puerile, unworthy of consideration. But they are grappling with the problem. Taking their cue from "Tom Brown" and "Treasure Island," they are printing as well-written school and adventure stories as they can find. And I honestly believe I am right in saying that most of them consider every manuscript in relation to two questions: 1. Will the readers like it? and 2. Should they? In these policies, so far as I can observe, most juvenile book publishers concur.

Would that those men and women in whose hands lies the sharper instrument, the larger and knottier problem of providing printed thoughts for adult edification—would that general editors and publishers might evince the good sense, the critical balance, the loyalty to literary ideals of that shirt-sleeved and beleaguered mortal who sits at the helm of a juvenile.

KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON.

Rotarians

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

There would seem to be a concerted move among many of the modern writers to cast slurs at three groups of people who are especially objects of their contempt. The victims of their wrath are the Rotarians, Chambers of Commerce, and "100% Americans." The writers among the modern intelligentsia (?) seem unable to write a book or magazine article without getting out of their systems some remark throwing discredit upon these groups of American citizens. Especially the Rotarians seem to act upon their sensitive natures as does a Bourgeois to a Bolshevist. I am very ready to acknowledge that among the membership of these groups there are many who are not particularly cultured, and who are over-enthusiastic in their zeal, but since when has it been a crime or a subject worthy of condemnation to have as an ideal, love of country; as a legitimate aim, business success; and for a motto, "service above self?" The latter, although of course not always lived up to in perfection, is the ideal toward which the Rotary Club is aiming. The so-called 100% Americans, although sometimes arbitrary and narrow in their judgments, have yet patriotic sentiments which surely are worthy of cultivation and expression. When periodical literature is gradually being filled with excuses for our former enemy, the German Empire, and criticism of our former allies, patriotic organizations surely have their place. In these unsettled times, the writers, many of whom seem to get their inspiration from Greenwich Village, the *American Mercury*, and the *Dial*, regard anyone who is ready to confess his belief in Christianity, in love of country, and who is content with one wife, as being an object of contempt and derision. Is their example worthy to be followed and held up to admiration, and are we as citizens of a Republic founded on Christian principles ready to throw overboard all our past beliefs and accept this new leadership?

GEO. H. TRIPP.

New Bedford, Mass.

As Others See Us

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

When my subscription to the New York *Evening Post Literary Review* expired, I at once subscribed to the *Saturday Review of Literature*, thinking that you and your staff would give us a periodical of the highest rank. However, my faith has been shaken on two or three occasions and now I am appealing to you to rectify, in whatever way you can, a grievous error.

In the issue of November 7 you have published an article by one O. J. Lewis, entitled "Prep School for Rotarians." I do not know who Mr. Lewis is, but I do know that in this article he has been guilty of some of the most fallacious reasoning that it has been my misfortune to encounter. He has perpetrated some very foolish comparisons between *The American Boy* and *Boy's Life* on the one hand and the *Saturday Evening Post* on the other hand, having no conception apparently of the possible necessity of economy in connection with such papers as these. It never seems to occur to him that the very magazine in which his article is published has its own good reasons for using a page measurement of 11x15½. But let those matters pass. My real charge is that he has incorporated two or three absolute falsehoods into his diatribe. When he says that in these boys' magazines the stories represent that "the successful boy invariably is the one who makes more money than any other boy in town," he lies. When he says that "the acme of editorial enterprise in these magazines is an editorial by Frank Crane or a poem by Edgar Guest," he shows clearly that he does not know anything about these magazines. So much for that.

My surprise that you should allow such a sophomoric article to appear is far surpassed by my anger over the title and the further slurs upon Rotary International. A few "smart alecks" like Sinclair Lewis, and O. J. Lewis, who know nothing about Rotary, have tried to advertise us Rotarians to the whole country as babbling Babbitts; to them and to you I wish to say that if you knew anything at all about the six objectives of Rotary International you would stop printing such nonsense. I only wish to add that if you insist upon insulting this organization to which I belong, I shall exercise the privilege of not having to read your stuff; that of course means that I shall gladly cancel my subscription.

Please understand one thing clearly. Rotary needs no public defense. I am simply telling you, as man to man, that I think this puerile article testifies to a very poor editorial policy.

M. L. LOWERY.

New Brunswick, N. J.

A Rejoinder

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

I have read Mr. Birge's letter with chagrin and with sincere regret that any words of mine should have awakened such hostility in a fellow being's breast. I confess my ignorance. But surely it is an attribute common to us all. Why, therefore, can we not take each other to task with charitable courtesy?

I see now that I ought to have qualified the statements I made in my paper, "The Artist's Predicament," by the further statement that they were true of the world as I know it. Of course we can none of us know the whole world except from hearsay, and it is not from hearsay that we dare write. In the world as I know it, people are generally free to choose and change their occupations. Nor is it such a narrow world. Professional men and women compose it, also people in "business" of one sort or another, but above all, country people of a many-sided experience and development. It is my knowledge of country life that gives me courage to say that if the workers of the world want varied opportunities, chances to pick and choose among wholesome and interesting occupations, they have only to come out into the fields and villages. In the New England township which I inhabit there are never workers enough for our crying necessities. Agriculture first and foremost. On all sides, our farmers are drawing in, retrenching, because they cannot get men to help them. And what is to become of the nation if the farmers retrench too far? Then there is carpentry, masonry, plumbing, sewing, cooking, gardening, forestry, road-building, quarrying, laundering, school-teaching, social service: in all these activities and many more we need help badly.

Of course I did not and do not mean to imply that a worker's freedom is necessarily to choose the task he likes best, but to seek and find that in which he can best succeed and serve the commonwealth. Work is never beer and skittles. Even the artist (heaven help him!) is slow to congratulate anyone entering his profession. Neither would I for one moment deny the desperate need for reform in our economic system. But, naturally, living in the country, I do not see why the unemployment problem does not turn to us for at least a beginning of its solution.

Will you please tender Mr. Birge my regrets for the vexation I caused him, and ask him to send our village a few of his square pegs?

ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

Following Copy

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

My attention has been called to the letter from G. L. G. printed in your issue of Nov. 21. I have investigated the interesting matter brought up by your correspondent and I am glad to describe the circumstances.

First: It is hardly necessary for me to state that no liberties whatever were taken with the "copy" received by us, which was followed punctiliously.

Second: Toward the end of our manufacture of the American edition of "Twenty-Five Years," when time was pressing because of the date fixed for simultaneous publication in Great Britain and America, we received from Mr. J. B. Spender typewritten "copy" of the paragraph beginning with the words, "Other personal notes." Because of Viscount Grey's impaired sight Mr. Spender took charge of seeing the work through the press.

The paragraph in question is marked "A" and bears in manuscript the words "*Introduction p. XIX, new paragraph to follow paragraph ending 'personal and unofficial.'*" Furthermore, in the English proofs sent us to follow there is, in the place where the new paragraph was inserted, a manuscript caret and the words "New par. A,"—all this being placed precisely where the paragraph in question has been printed in our edition.

As to the fact that in the English edition there is no such paragraph at all, this is easily explained by merely reading the inserted paragraph; for it is obviously of special interest to Americans. In fact it was prepared by Viscount Grey, or by Mr. Spender with his approval, especially for the American edition.

Our proofreading was done by an expert and with great care, but no question has come to us regarding the position of the paragraph in question until recently. One correspondent has suggested—what is evidently the answer to the question—that the paragraph and the one preceding it should be transposed. Such transposition is obviously desirable and I am writing for authority to make it before we go to press again with "Twenty-Five Years."

FREDERICK A. STOKES.

New York.

Erratum

By a regrettable accident the address of *Minton, Balch & Co.* was incorrectly printed in the advertisement of that publishing house run in the issue of The *Saturday Review* for November 21. The correct address is 17 East 45th Street, New York City.

Lovers of French literature who wish to add to their shelves the works of some of the French poets will welcome a Lamartine anthology which has recently appeared under the title, "Meditations poétiques" (Paris, Payot). Based upon the original text, but carefully revised, the collection presents the best of Lamartine.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Questions for the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, care of *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

FAVA LANE. By NATHALIA CRANE. (Switzer)

THE CHARTERHOUSE OF PARMA. By STENDHAL. (Boni & Liveright)

DISRAELI: ALIEN PATRIOT. By E. T. RAYMOND. (Doran).

C. H. J., Chevy Chase, Md., asks for a choice of recently published essays for a club program, to be selected with an eye to further use as Christmas presents.

THIS gives me a chance to tell anyone starting upon a two-hour train trip that "Many Furrows," by the English newspaper writer who calls himself Alpha of the Plough (Dutton), is an ideal travelling companion. Possibly I may think so because so much of the time I agree with his ideas on the features of everyday life, but he is so ingratiating that almost anyone would. Nor could one be less than happy in the society of A. A. Milne, as offered in the group of little booksful of collected essays (Dutton) now brought to new attention by the success of "When We Were Very Young," "If I May," "Not That it Matters," and the others are continually delightful: they must be wonderful reading for foggy days. "Small Wares" (Little, Brown), called "an overflow from the Notion Counter," will be seized upon by lovers of the book with that title; it is a gayly-bound little set of studies of domestic complications such as might happen anywhere in America—but if any woman or man either should treat my mail as Cynthia does in this book, there would be murder or mayhem on Eighty-fifth street. "Twenty Miles Out" (Little, Brown) is another of these anoymous domestic sidelights: called "indiscretions of a commuter's wife," it will be relished by any lady in like circumstances, as any young couple beginning to keep house in the suburbs will chuckle over Robert Gay's "The 8:45" (Little, Brown) and any young parent find reinforcement in "Father's First Two Years," by Fairfax Downey (Minton, Balch.)

I like definitely funny essays, and so do many other readers: books like Don Herold's "Bigger and Better" (Dutton), and Robert Benchley's "Pluck and Luck" (Holt), only after all there are not many like these two, which are as distinctive as they are droll. Could the latest set of Christopher Ward's parodies be included in this list? I do not see why they could not come under the elastic definition of a modern essay, and "Foolish Fiction" (Holt) is as good as literary criticism and much sooner read. For instance, his "The Greener Hat" and the lovely African dialect after the model of Brett Young in "Wouldn't Smoke". "Letters to a Lady in the Country," edited by Stuart Sherman (Scribner), covers many matters that come into the lives of city-dwellers, literary and artistic, and "Meek Americans," by Joseph W. Beach (University of Chicago), roams over France and Italy with an American eye open for everything but more especially the funny things, which are, like all the impressions, set down sympathetically.

B. C. G., Iowa, plans to start a tearoom and asks for books about the management of such an enterprise.

"TEA ROOM RECIPES," by Lenore Richards and Nola Treat (Little, Brown), is the work of the managers of dining hall and cafeteria of the University of Minnesota, who have already used their experiences in preparing a book on "Quantity Cooking" (Little, Brown). "Tea Room Recipes" is on a scale between wholesale and retail: the recipes run between fifteen and twenty on the average, some larger and smaller. The distinctive dishes for this sort of restaurant are all here, the recipes charted in columns showing exact ingredients, weights, and calories, with blanks for unit and total cost. You can check up on everything like a bank examiner. "Table Decorations for All Occasions," by Edna S. Tipton (Stokes), has photographs and directions for arranging tables with whatever flowers and other decorations are in season for holidays, anniversaries, parties, and home enlivenment. These are graceful arrangements, not toyshop-and-tissuepaper messes. I have already spoken in praise of "Table Service," by Lucy Allen (Little, Brown) and "The Efficient Kitchen," by Georgie B. Child (McBride). The latter especially will be a help in its chapter on the business side of the kitchen: it is for home use but would do just as well for commercial purposes.

Anyone with ambitions in the cooking line should invest five dollars in the largest, most complete, and most accurately set forth book of its kind, Isabel Ely Lord's "Everybody's Cook Book" (Holt). It leaves nothing to luck or the imagination, and in its 3400 recipes I have found everything I ever ate, even a dish I know some of you never heard of, the salt-cod-and-beet hash found North of Boston.

S. M. S., New York City, is making a map of Italy on the plan of the "Map of Good Stories" published by the Syracuse Library. This is for the use of a class of Italian-born schoolboys, and is to mark the places of stories about Italy. She says that they may not be as "sophisticated" as "Enchanted April" and "Thunderstorm."

I INFER that the lovely novels of Gertrude Hall, such as "The Truth About Camilla," "Aurora the Magnificent," and others, are also too grown-up, but I name them for older Italy-lovers. For boys there is an ideal story, Edmondo de Amicis's "Cuore," translated by Isabel Hapgood as "Heart," and published by Crowell. It is a year in a free public school in Italy, but it is much more than that. Then there is the deathless tale of "Pinocchio," which now appears in a magnificent new edition published by Macmillan. The pictures of this edition are unusual and unusually lovely, and I do not wonder that children exclaim with delight as they come upon the old favorites. Attilio Mussino is the artist, and his is a name to remember. "He Who Steals," by Alfredo Baiocco (Dutton), is about a little Italian boy whose mother is starving and whose father is in America ill: that is why he takes some money. The tale is affecting and wholesome, and though about a little boy is exciting enough for older ones. "Piccolo Pomi," by Antonio Beltramelli (Dutton), is about a really little boy who sets out in the great world: his adventures are quite hair-raising. Both these stories are full of details of everyday life in Italy.

(*Continued on next page*)

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Speaking of Books

A Christmas List

"—a fine and ancient and humorous and humane and incredibly wise and lovely book," says Lee Wilson Dodd of *The Panchatantra* translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur W. Ryder. ($4.00)

The distinguished translator of the New Testament, Edgar J. Goodspeed, has brought together a group of informal essays of finely-mirrored impressions and subtle comment. (*Things Seen and Heard*. $2.00)

Grace and precision, shrewd wit and a humorous sympathy for tourist and European host alike have united to make this delightful record of a professorial journey abroad. (*Meek Americans*. By Joseph Warren Beach. $2.00)

In a modern exposition of modern American writers, Percy Holmes Boynton speaks for the much-maligned professor and gives us a series of brilliant and engaging critical estimates. (*Some Contemporary Americans*. $2.00)

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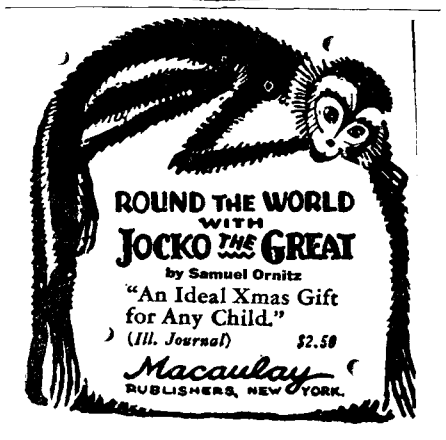

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A Letter from London

By H. M. Tomlinson

Petroushka

SOME weeks ago, when permitted by the editor of the *Saturday Review* to explain what I did not know of High Brows, I was tempted to mention "Petroushka" as a work of art worth knowing. Naturally, there were protests; even some enquiries. What is "Petroushka?" Where may it be got? Are you trying to show you know what a few of us do not? And so on.

They were all fair questions. If they had been even insulting I could not have complained, for I will admit I mentioned the work of Igor Stravinsky, Alexandre Benois, and M. Fokine, because clearly not everyone may easily experience its magic. I did it in fun. "Petroushka" is, in fact, a Russian ballet in four scenes; and it demands first-rate actors and dancers to conjure the wonder out of it, and an orchestra of first-rate musicians to accompany the actors; and they should be, of course, Russians.

One of the inexplicable effects of beauty is to inspire us with fear, with even a tremor of terror; we are disturbed, and we find it impossible to say why. Any lover of Beethoven knows this. There is no need to instance other examples, but I may mention a porcelain statue of a disciple of Buddha in the British Museum, and Leonardo's "Virgin of the Rocks" in the London National Gallery, and an American book I have named so often that my friends have enjoined me to give them a rest. "Petroushka" has the same quality. It came to London first near the end of the war, with some other Russian ballets. It was then only a name on a program to me. I remember well its effect; as soon as the showman in it began to make his three puppets dance I became a little nervous, and still more fascinated. The Veil, so to speak, began to shake a little—an astonishing thing for the veil to do; what if the blessed thing parted? What should we learn? A little fear, on such an occasion, is excusable. Our eyes became fixed on that veil.

"Petroushka" vanished from London. It may have been we were wrong about it. The emotional state of Londoners during the war had some odd consequences; and our minds were certainly unstable when we could go to the Palace Music Hall and witness that Russian ballet. When I mentioned "Petroushka" recently in the *Saturday Review* it was a dangerous thing to do, for my recollection was about seven years old, and if I saw it again—which was extremely improbable—I might see it altogether differently.

As it happens, that ballet is, for a little while, back again in London. I saw it at the Coliseum last Saturday. It was the least I could do to go; if only on behalf of those Californian correspondents who wanted to know what I meant by using so outlandish a word quite coolly, as though I knew all about it, and expected everybody else to know as much.

The usual turns of a music hall, which had to be witnessed preliminary, tended to induce in me the firmness necessary to meet an inevitable disappointment. It is a rare book which, reread years later, confirms a first impression. I became resigned in the Coliseum while waiting to see "Petroushka" again, and at last was not anxious for the acrobats to get through with their part, and the slow, sentimental ladies in limelight of various colors to cease their maundering love songs, and for the pair of eccentric dancers, with their tired and monotonous rhythms, to go away.

But at last they went. The curtain fell. It rose again to show another curtain, and on it a crude and gigantic figure of a magician seated amid the solar system. He ascended out of sight, and slowly revealed beneath a lively fair in old St. Petersburg, with booths, and a holiday crowd in holiday dress, enjoying itself with irrelevant and spasmodic jigs, strangers kissing in high-spirits, a bear being led by the nose past peasants and fine ladies, and all the fun of it. One booth was closed; a mystery there. On the roof of another and a superior booth, nodding in approval of the good-humored folk below him, occasionally moving his hands in time to the movements of the happy humanity he was regarding, was an old man, an Ancient of Days, with an antique and prodigiously long beard. Probably he was God. He was smiling in approbation of a light-hearted throng. "*Continuez, mes enfants, continuez!*"

Something like the figure of the magician we had seen on the curtain began to push through the crowd to the mysterious booth. He invited attention to it. What significant portent from the unknown was this? The God on the booth watched the queer fellow's movements, but merely waved his hands in good humor. The crowd gathered around this odd stranger; the drapery of the booth was lifted; and inside it one saw three puppets, the size of life.

They were propped up, their legs were limp and dissolute, their arms were stretched out unnaturally stiff on supports, their eyes stared at us lifelessly from painted masks. The magician or messenger waved his wand, and the legs of the puppets, only the legs, sprang to life, and jolted about in the way a loosely-jointed wooden doll dances when a string is pulled. It was astonishing to see them, when ordered to do so by their master, dance away from their supports, and onto the front of the stage. The revellers were awed.

The curtain fell; and when it rose we saw only a bleak prison cell, its dark walls touched by a few stars, as though it were only the normal limitation of aspiring human existence. Into that cell Petroushka was presently booted by the peremptory foot of the Magician, who showed he was impatient with a puppet whose behavior, when called to life, had been not quite according to the formula. Petroushka was obviously distressed. Perhaps he had found life painful and incomprehensible. He raved. He beat round his prison walls, trying to escape. No escape. The picture of the Magician was on one wall. He appealed to it—he even threatened it. Nothing happened. Then the Dancer appeared, and Petroushka was transported with delight. The Dancer made the prison another place. He leaped for joy. The Dancer did not seem quite indifferent to him, but perhaps she was afraid of love that was so dynamic; she went.

Next we see the Moor there. He is calm. He is happy. He has no doubts about himself. He has, in fact, a cocoanut to play with, and a sword to open the nut. He shakes the nut to hear the music of the milk inside. His eyes gleam. There is good in the world. He becomes religious, and kow-tows to the cocoanut; and at that moment the Dancer appears again. The Moor is, one guesses, uncertain about her. Is she better than a cocoanut? He touches her, and finds she is almost as good. He likes her, too; but keeps a wary eye on the cocoanut while fondling her. Then Petroushka enters, and trouble begins. Petroushka does not look once at the cocoanut. It is not there for him. Only the Dancer is there; but she prefers the soldier. Petroushka is ignominiously thrown out by the energetic Moor.

Then the carnival reappears. The fun it at its height. God, or whoever it is, is thoroughly enjoying the secene, and strokes an antique beard, as he looks down in contemplative approval. A rich man is out for a good time, dances in with gipsy girls, and throws banknotes to the crowd. We see the curtains of the booth in which are the puppets become agitated. violence is being done within there. Petroushka emerges, pursued by the Moor, who fells him with his scimitar. Petroushka dies, with the sympathetic revellers bending over him. One of them fetches the Magician, who takes in the situation at once. This, he shows the onlookers, is only one of the puppets he has brought to life. There is nothing in it. Only sawdust. He lifts up the limp object, and demonstrates the sawdust. Sawdust to sawdust!

Snow begins to fall, the revellers, no longer mystified, disperse; and even God disappears. There is left but a deserted town, and the night and silence, in which the Magician, who has fulfilled his destiny, is dragging away a bundle of useless rags. But something warns him. He turns, with the structure of the puppet in his grasp, and sees Petroushka, or something like Petroushka, mocking him from the top of the booth. The messenger, or the magician, or the law, has done more with life than was in the bargain; maybe the principle of life has the very deuce in it. The magician flies in terror from what he does not understand.

Readers Guide

(*Continued from page 393*)

L. L. M., Hefflin, Alabama, asks for the name of a manual for study of the history and appreciation of art, and for a choice of books for special study of great periods.

I HAVE come to the conclusion that the most compact and comprehensive one-volume history of art for the layman is "Apollo," by Salomon Reinach (Scribner). Beginning before history, it deals with architecture, painting, and sculpture of all lands and times with marvellous lucidity, considering the condensation involved. Even the pictures, though small, are so clear and so wisely chosen that they add distinction. "Great Schools of Painting," by Winifred Turner (Lippincott), which is for beginners, and Julia De Forest's "Short History of Art," rewritten by Charles B. Caffin (Dodd, Mead), are popular with study clubs. "The Art of Looking at Pictures," by C. H. P. Thurston (Dodd, Mead), is a guide to appreciation that may be used as a gallery companion or for home study: "The Appreciation of Painting," by P. M. Turner (Scribner), is another excellent guide of this sort, not quite so detailed, but bringing pictures into the life of the layman. "The Appeal of the Picture," by F. C. Tilney (Dutton), explains the reasons why people who do not paint so often fail to understand what the painter is about; it deals with problems one by one, carefully and clearly. The most elementary book of this sort is Maude Oliver's "First Steps in the Enjoyment of Pictures," (Holt), intended for younger readers but by no means to be scorned by older ones. "The Study and Enjoyment of Pictures," by Gertrude Brigham (Sully), pays more attention to American galleries than most of these guides do. "The Significance of the Fine Arts," (Marshall Jones), is a symposium by specialists setting forth the relation of beauty to life and of the arts to the community. I would certainly have this book in the equipment.

F. J. Mather's "History of Italian Painting" (Holt), is excellent for guide or study use; compact without being too condensed for comfortable reading, it traverses its wide field in a single, not large volume. For more detailed study the books in Scribner's series called a General History of Art are valuable: the volumes are beautifully illustrated and not so expensive as they look. "Art in Spain and Portugal," by Marcel Dieulafoy, is one, "Art in France" is by M. L. Hourticq, and there are corresponding volumes for Great Britain and Ireland, Flanders, and Northern Italy. W. R. Valentiner's "Art in the Low Countries" (Doubleday, Page) is keen and appreciative criticisms with illustrations, a work greatly valued. "Old Masters and Modern Art," by Sir Charles Holmes (Harcourt, Brace), is based on the pictures in the National Gallery, for which it provides a sumptuous guide or souvenir. "The Russian School of Painting," by A. N. Benois (Knopf), is a study not only of pictures but of the social and psychological conditions that influenced their production. All these are illustrated. For the latest developments Clive Bell's "Science Cézanne" (Harcourt, Brace) is stimulating and informing. Willard Huntington Wright's "Modern Painting" (Dodd, Mead) which introduced new ideas to many Americans, has been supplemented by his little book "The Future of Painting" (Huebsch).

A book has lately appeared that goes further than Mrs. Jamieson and will be of the highest usefulness to picture-hunting tourists or to students of ecclesiastical art. This is "How to Distinguish the Saints in Art," by Arthur de Bles (Art Culture Publications, 707 Fifth avenue, N. Y.). It is the size and shape of a geography, permitting a number of small but distinct pictures to be grouped on each page for comparative study; the text gives the history, attributes, and distinctive qualities of the saints and of characters in sacred history. An unusually good index makes it easy to use. There is nothing controversial in the text, and Catholic or Protestant could enjoy it.

And in the background looms Élie Faure's four-volume "History of Art" (Harper), at once a record of achievement and a philosophy of life.

Ernest Pérochon has departed from his usual style and written a story placed in the thirtieth century which he calls "Les Hommes Frénétiques" (Plon). It is, of course, the age of aerial development, of electrical marvels, of scientific mysteries which govern the world and the life of men. It is all worked out with great attention on the part of the author.

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Every Man To His Taste

(Continued from page 388)

derson's "Dark Laughter" [illegible] right); Willa Cather's "[illegible] House" (Knopf); Robert Herrick's "[illegible] dings" (Harcourt, Brace); the anonymous novel, the scene of which is laid in Texas and which is entitled "Wind" (Harpers); Wilbur Daniel Steele's "[illegible] (Harcourt, Brace); Harry Leon Wilson's "Cousin Jane" (Cosmopolitan), Thomas Williamson's "Run Sheep Run" (Stokes); Maynard); Webb Waldron's "Shanks" (Bobbs-Merrill); Barry Benefield's "Chuck-en-Wagon Family" (Century); Martha Ostenso's "Wild Geese" (Dodd, Mead), a prize winning novel, and Leonard Cline's "God Head" (Huebsch-Viking Press). If you want something diverting select Hilaire Belloc's "Mr. Petre" (McBride), or G. K. Chesterton's "Tales of the Long Bow," (Dodd, Mead).

And don't forget the interest of your friends in foreign literature, especially this year when there has been an outcropping of translations of important novels such as Wassermann's "Faber, or The Lost Years" (Harcourt, Brace), the excellent translation by Lady Mary Loyd of Stendhal's great "Chartreuse of Parma" (Appleton), "Summer," by Romain Rolland (Holt), Schnitzler's "Fräulein Else (Simon & Schuster), a tale so brief as to be scarcely more than a novelette but one carried through its rather melodramatic incidents with consummate artistry; Lady Murasaki's charming "Tale of Genji" (Houghton Mifflin), a picture of Japanese life in the past; Karel Capek's "Krakatit" (Macmillan), an ingenious fantasy representing a reconstructed world; Jean Cocteau's "The Grand Ecart" (Putnam); Paul Morand's "Closed All Night" (Seltzer); Hauptmann's "The Island of the Great Mother" (Huebsch-Viking Press); "The Emigrants," by Johan Bojer (Century); "Chains," by Henri Barbusse (International), and Dmitri S. Merezhkhovsky's "December the Fourteenth" (International).

There is another sort of fiction which will stand you in good stead when it comes to making up your Christmas bundles, and that is the stories that will serve to keep the youngsters amused after the holiday itself is over. Juveniles this year seem to be of more noteworthy quality than they frequently have proved in the past. And any collection that can show such works to choose from as the one that boasts the new volume of "Number Three Joy Street" (Appleton), the delightful holiday edition of Milne's delectable "When We Very Young" (Dutton), Tony Sarg's "Book of Animals" (Greenberg), Walter de la Mare's "Broomsticks and Other Tales" (Knopf), Lee Wilson Dodd's "The Sly Giraffe" (Dutton), "The Flying Carpet," edited by Lady Cynthia Asquith (Scribners), Padraic Colum's "The Voyagers" and "The Forge in the Forest" (Macmillan), and A. A. Milne's "A Gallery of Children" (McKay), cannot fail to yield joy for the nursery. Then there's E. V. Lucas's "Playtime and Company" (Doran) for such small folk as rejoice in jingles and illustrations (and these particular pictures are by the delightful Mr. Shepard), and Louis Untermeyer's adaptation of Gottfried Keller's "The Fat of the Cat" (Harcourt, Brace). And pat for the Christmas table comes a new volume of "The Boy Scouts Year Book," edited by Franklin K. Mathiews (Appleton), and for smaller folk a new tale by that much loved author Johanna Spyri, entitled "The Children's Carol" (Crowell). Old favorites, too, are here to chose from, in new garb at that: "Jo's Boys," by Louisa Alcott, B. W. Bush's "Prairie Rose," A. R. Thompson's "Gold Seeking on the Dalton Trail," and Francis Parkman's "Oregon Trail," all in the excellent series which Little, Brown is issuing under the title, The Beacon Hill Bookshelf. Side by side with them stand gayly illustrated editions of Cooper's "Deerslayer" (Scribners), Stevenson's "Treasure Island," (Crowell), and Cooper's "Pilot" (Minton, Balch), editions which bring these classics down from the aloofness of adult literature to the colorfulness of juvenile reading.

If among your acquaintance you number those whose tastes are predominantly æsthetic, that is, those who seek inspiration and diversion in poetry and art and discussion of subjects artistic and literary you can meet their predilections without difficulty. The poetry lover who is eager to keep abreast of significant new work will find much to interest him in William Ellery Leonard's "Two Lives" (Huebsch-Viking Press), a work remarkable for the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Every Man to His Taste

(*Continued from page* 395)

ing), here's a group for your scientist friends: "Evolution for John Doe," by Henshaw Ward (Bobbs-Merrill), probably the best of the studies of evolution which the late foolishness in Tennessee called forth; "Jungle Days," by William Beebe (Putnams); "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," by George A. Dorsey (Harpers), and "The New Age of Faith," by John Langdon-Davies (Huebsch-Viking Press). Finally, and we're really through now, here are books for the energetic friend who must travel when he reads: "Captain King's Voyages," by Andrew Kippris (Knopf); "My Life as an Explorer," by Sven Hedin (Boni & Liveright); "Roving through Southern China," by Harry A. Franck (Century); "The Map That Is Half Unrolled," by E. Alexander Powell (Century), and two books that are *belles lettres* as well as travel, William McFee's "Sunlight in New Granada" (Doubleday, Page), and "The London Perambulator" (Knopf), by James Bone. There! that's the end. We wonder which of us is gladder, you or we? Anyway, a Merry Christmas to you and to the friends to whom your books go.

On the Air

A digest of the following ten outstanding magazine articles, selected by a council of librarians was prepared and broadcasted through Station WOR by the Saturday Review of Literature.

AFTER LOCARNO—A NEW ERA
Frank H. Simonds in *Review of Reviews*

In a brilliant article the author discusses all phases of the Locarno agreements and their possible significance in world history. He is confident Locarno begins a new era.

WHAT IS THE SENATE?
George Wharton Pepper in *The Forum*

The senior Senator from Pennsylvania describes what is happening to the Senate under pressure of external influences. The article describes, also, the life of the Senator and his relation to the President.

THE BIOLOGY OF HEALTH
Raymond Pearl in *The American Mercury*

An impressive article for the layman showing how biology and health are related. What to avoid, how to prevent and how to win battles over various biological disease groups are subjects of discussion.

A CONFEDERATE PEPYS
Gamaliel Bradford in *The American Mercury*

A clerk in the War Department at Richmond during the struggle of the Southern Confederacy kept a diary which is profoundly interesting. Gamaliel Bradford interprets the signs of the times as disclosed by the diary.

USING PRINTS
Ralph Pearson in *The Survey Graphic*

A radical artist who has gathered up fifty prints representing the best of the modern school tells how all of us might share their æsthetic significance. Many prints are illustrated.

IS THE UNIVERSE RUNNING DOWN?
Henry Norris Russell in *The Scientific American*

Within the last few years, vistas have been opened by new discoveries which enable us to make predictions by the thousandfold. Among other things, this professor of astronomy at Princeton University discusses the probable end of the universe.

MORE LEAVES FROM A SECRET JOURNAL
Jane Steger in *The Atlantic Monthly*

An article by a woman who sought spiritual adventure and then found God in the prosaic every-day acts of life. Interesting for its literary qualities as well as for its subject matter.

THE CHAOS OF MODERN MARRIAGE
Beatrice M. Hinkle in *Harper's Magazine*

A distinguished psychologist analyzes the signs of an impending breakdown of the institution of marriage. She asks what can be done to save marriage, and then answers her own question.

THE NEWNESS OF NEW ZEALAND
Henry Van Dyke in *Scribner's Magazine*

A pleasing travel article by a well known author. In the main, he discusses New Zealand from the viewpoints of natural sports, people, and politics. Illustrated.

WE REACH THE LAND OF THE RED LAMA
Kermit Roosevelt in *The Cosmopolitan*

The second article of the series describing one of the most romantic travel expeditions of the day. The weirdness of a religious ceremony conducted by a variety of Buddhists receives particular attention.

The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from page* 387)

usual "Harry in the Country," "Betty at the Beach" type of story. The discoverers are two small boys, aged six and four, whose days have been spent in the top floor nursery of a formal London house, where a formidable nurse tells them all the things they must not do, and a very busy father and mother drop in occasionally to say good night. After awhile it is just the father who comes, and the two discover first of all that he isn't a person to be afraid of any more. They go with him to a delightful English countryside, full of more people to be discovered:—a little girl playmate; a friendly Aunt; a Doctor; a rich sick lady; an old farmer; a new governess and several others. They discover God, too, and one can't help wishing that their conversations about Him had been a little less priggish. Towards the end we feared a romance between the father and the friendly Aunt, but the author was wise enough not to intrude a grown up love story, and for this we send her a special vote of thanks.

SINGING FEATHERS. By THEODORE A. HARPER. Penn. 1925. $2.

Those who read "The Mushroom Boy" a year or so ago, will welcome its sequel "Singing Feathers" wherein are to be found the further adventures of David, the Mushroom Boy, with Micky, his fox terrier, and the wonderful and gifted Fairy Skriggleboggle. David had had a year at boarding school which proved disillusioning about certain things, especially Fairies, and it took him some time to get on speaking terms with the Skriggleboggle again, but once they are united new and amazing happenings begin. Instead of the rather uninteresting and proper vacation David had anticipated visiting his Aunt Virginia in the little seaport town, he finds a new and highly satisfactory friend in "The Colonel" and also in Uncle Toby. Dawn is again his gay little playmate, and together they discover, with the Skriggleboggle's aid, a most unusual parrot; a dragon that can shed his skin upon occasion; wonderful Wind Horses, and the treasure at the Rainbow's End. The book is whimsical and packed full of gay fancies, and if sometimes these seem to have been stretched a little too far for such slight things, that is, after all, such a very small blemish on an otherwise charming story, that it is hardly worth mentioning. One grows so bored with the usual run of dull and slangily realistic children's books nowadays, that to find an author who is gay and courageous enough to steer his course into straight fantasy, is indeed a pleasure. Besides the text, the little black and white headings and tailpieces by Florenz Clark are full of spirit and charm. We liked these better than the bigger, more ambitious colored ones.

THE STORY OF THE JOHNS. By GRACE HUMPHREY. Penn. 1925. $2.

If you happen to know a boy named "John," say between the ages of nine to fifteen, we strongly advise your giving him this book about ten of the most famous Johns of history. Here are simply and graphically told accounts of the lives and achievements of such leaders as:—John Milton, John Hancock, John Paul Jones, John Bunyan, and John Benjamin Wesley. One chapter tells of the struggles of the great German composer, Johann Sebastion Bach; another of the tyranical King John of England, and still another of that earliest John of all,—John the Baptist. Our only criticism would be the choice of John Greenleaf Whittier as representative of poetry rather than the equally eligible John Keats! But the book is delightfully made, with an easy conversational style, which while it may irritate some adult readers, will certainly make it more appealing to the younger ones for whom it has been written. A special word should be said for the excellent illustrations by Harriet Longstreet Price. These are spirited and full of vigor, with occasionally something of the Howard Pyle feeling about them. We liked her black and white drawings particularly, and she has managed to give real character as well as likeness to her portraits of these famous men.

NUMBER THREE JOY STREET. Appleton. $2.50
BROOMSTICKS AND OTHER TALES. By *Walter da la Mare*. Knopf. $3.50 net.
THE STORY OF THE JOHNS. By *Grace Humphrey*. Penn.
SINGING FEATHERS. By *Theodore A. Harper*. Penn.

Miscellaneous

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE OPERA. By MARY FITCH WATKINS. Stokes. 1925. $2.50.

"Behind The Scenes At The Opera" is a fetching title. A previous and related work by this chatty lady dealt our opera plots in paraphrase of her own dialogue, playful and jocose. But in the present book she is quite, indeed very, serious. Nor is she writing of the opera generically, but of the Metropolitan opera, strictly. And there are four or five of the singers there, or once there, who have palpably been nice to Miss Watkins, with the result that huge slices of her little symposium of backstage lore and legend have been turned over to them like fat sandwiches after the show. Mmes. Alda and Farrar, unholy conjunction of two enemies wholly eternal, Messrs. Scotti and Chaliapin; to say nothing of the divine Jeritza of the "lovely corn-silk hair." By offhand computation one would say that about a third of all the pages are hers.

Miss Watkins is to be envied. She can see in those stodgy glooms of flies and traps an Olympian table spread, every odor a nectar and every egoism an ambrosia, and glamours flashing anything but fitfully to make resplendent the shadowy burnings of overworked intriguing hearts. Even when she would fain be the efficient reporter, striving in her way to imply the complication of technical detail she staggers blissfully. And so though one encounters Mme. Castel-Bert, former Wardrobe Mistress who decked them out, and Phil Crispino who gives them their props, and even the Michiavellian Telephone Lady who connects the Right Persons with them on the wire, one searches in vain, for instance, for any mention of the late Edward Siedle, general technical director, grand master of it all, who modestly synchronized and synthetized all of them. Her credulity is ingenuous and delightful. To take but one of the tempting array of instances: on page 84, in an account of another of those interviews with the Baronin Jeritza-Popper (wherein the lady author was presented with white violets by the prima-donna) one finds the flat statement that *just fourteen years ago* the lovely lady made her first stage appearance, in Olmutz, Austria. If the lady-author cares to read a not un-scintillating book by the late James Huneker, "Ivory, Apes, and Peacocks," published by Scribner's in the year 1908—or was it 1907?—she will find there an allusion to this same lovely Jeritza—perhaps even lovelier in those far-off days—as a fully arrived Austrian celebrity—nay almost already a classic of Viennese erotic gossip. Yet Miss Watkins writes in an agreeable gossipy way, with many moments of what those of whom she writes will no doubt deem grace, felicity, and eloquence.

Philosophy

MIND. ITS ORIGIN AND GOAL. By GEORGE BARTON CUTTEN. Yale University Press. 1925. $2.50.

A clear exposition of the most important conclusions of modern evolutionary science is here presented. Unlike the pussy-footing of many scientific writers which makes them more contemptible than their outspoken fundamentalist opponents, this book by the president of Colgate University makes no concessions to popular prejudice. He argues frankly that our minds as well as our bodies have evolved from an animal ancestry, that differences between animal and human intelligence are quantitative not qualitative, that there is no soul other than the mind, and that morality and religion undergo constant change. He points out six specific causes which may lead to intellectual decline, of which the two most important are war and the survival of the unfit. The long discussion of the latter point contains the only uncritical portion of the book; it accepts the army tests at their face value, much as if Walter Lippman had never written. Even here, however, the author's final conclusions are in harmony with general scientific opinion. That so uncompromising a book should come from a college president is, in these days, most encouraging.

Poetry

SONATA AND OTHER POEMS. By JOHN ERSKINE. Duffield. 1925. $1.25.

Three monologues, in the mood and spirit of Browning, combine to make Professor Erskine's title poem a cunning study in points of view. The artist's model, herself an artist, refuses to sit for him because his artistic impotence seems to her a shameful thing to be witnessed.

Those creatures in the zoo cling to their cage
And look with sad and all but human eyes
Out of their fatal prison, out of themselves.
He had the look—the gaze he turned on me
Blind to my body, wistfully betrayed
The slow, dumb panic. Pose no more, said I,
For pity see this nakedness no more.

A less obviously serious piece, "The Poetic Bus Driver," is delightfully conceived and executed. The 'bus driver suddenly enters into the spirit of his job with the same kind of enjoyment as a child, suddenly allowed to drive a 'bus, would experience. Professor Erskine draws a delightful figure that serves to point an old idea in delicious Byronic verse. But the best of these new poems is "The Gods in the Street," a delicate and spiritually revealing snatch of verse which it would be an offense to quote short of completeness. The author has heard "the *still sad music of humanity*" in the streets of New York and, better still, has had the art as well as the heart to translate what he has heard into compelling and lovely verse. His book is surprisingly good and deserves a great success.

Religion

THE FAITH, THE FALSITY, AND THE FAILURE OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. By WOODBRIDGE RILEY, FREDERICK W. PEABODY, and CHARLES E. HUMISTON. Revell. 1925.

The title well indicates the nature of this work—an outspoken bitter polemic. It is in three parts; the first offers an elaborate proof of Mrs. Eddy's indebtedness to Quimby and Bronson Alcott, and subjects the founder of Christian Science to severe psycho-analysis; the second endeavors to establish, with citation of many facts or alleged facts, the autocracy, deceit, and veniality of the Christian Science church; the third labors to refute the eighty-four testimonials of healing offered in Science and Health and produces a counter-list of seventy-one failures. In the first two parts, the method is legitimate and the results are of moment, but the third part is ludicrously unscientific; its assumption that an alleged system of healing can be proven a failure by citation of seventy-one cases would make short work of the medical profession itself.

THROUGH SCIENCE TO GOD. By FLOYD L. DARROW. Bobbs-Merrill. 1925. $2.50.

This book has a bold title. It approaches the persistent problem of the reconciliation of scientific fact and religious belief from an angle different from the one taken by most writers of reconciliation or harmonizing books. Most of these start on the basis of accepting God and religion and then try to show that science and evolution do not clash with religious belief. This one starts by accepting science, and then attempts to show that the facts of science and evolution actually prove God and religion; that science is a way to religious belief. It is a refreshing change from the more familiar manner of reconciling God and Darwin. Whether it will be more successful as a reconciliation effort than other books of like intent remains to be seen.

In this book, as in all the others, one cannot escape noticing a certain sophistication of argument, a certain sophistication of interpretation both of scientific fact and religious belief. The fact that "the law of gravitation has extended its sway to the distant stars" does not necessarily mean that science has been carried to heaven or that it has "tended to confirm belief in an Immanent Being, whose life is the soul of the universe." What the modern knowledge of science does tend to confirm is that science cannot explain primal being or ultimate becoming; that it cannot explain fundamental causes; and, hence, that something else must explain them. Some scientific men say this something else must be God; others simply say they don't know who or what it is.

The author of this book makes an earnest and interesting effort to show that science does lead positively to a recognition of God as beginner and controller of all

(*Continued on next page*)

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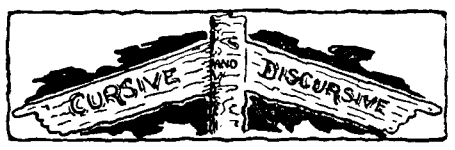

WE SHOULD much rather call this column what a cynical friend of ours once suggested, viz: "Cursing and Discoursing". We should like to inform it with a revolutionary spirit. We are not at all satisfied with its half-witted amiability and its frayed fantasy. For it we concoct too much. Too little of our real feeling gets into it.

Last week we spoke, over our full name, with perfect seriousness about the Nathalia Crane controversy. We felt that we conveyed in part a mood of righteous wrath. And then, several days after our copy was in, we read a news story about Edwin Markham, Louis Untermeyer, and Nathalia Crane all meeting amicably on the same platform,—and realized that our burning screed wouldn't appear until it was all an old story and all hatchets were buried. Thus it is with a weekly column! It is almost impossible to comment on the flying hour with any degree of timeliness. And yet there is nothing that causes us such frantic yawns as generalizations about literature.

So we are looking around for something to attack. And there isn't anything just at the moment that we can get "all het up" about. We might give you a nice jolly old column about the jolly old Christmas season which will soon be upon us, about a "jolly good book, whereon to look", and all that sort of thing. But we don't want to be so amiable. We might give you the old line on Art vs. Commercialism, but the strands of that line seem to us by now worn through to a single thread. We might inveigh against blurbs on bookjackets, but there has been thunder in the index on that subject before, with very little accomplished. We find most books of the day fairly well-made, fairly well proofread, fairly well typeset,—and that is about all you can expect. We might make a plea for tough-mindedness on the part of the average reader or for more of a soft pedal on the part of the young authors. But the average reader would go right on desiring to enfold himself in a rosy haze of romanticism when he sat down to read, and the young author would go right on grinding his molars and intending to show him the bitter truth about life. And after our fairly recent attempts upon the reputations of Harold Bell Wright and James Oliver Curwood, we have tired of being sarcastic about best-sellers.

Well, it draws toward the close of another year. Here it will be the first of January soon enough, and a new deal. Perhaps we should begin to think of our sins. But if we begin to think of our literary sins alone the prospect would become too murky. How frequently in the past year we have gone on pounding our Number 4 Underwood when we hadn't an idea in our skull! The stream of words that resulted has been inflicted upon you, poor reader, *ad nauseam*. Indeed, in this article, we seem to be only marking time, when we should be giving you something pithy and electrifying.

Certainly "Cursing and Discoursing" would be a better title for our column! We are sure of that at least. Perhaps by January first we shall have prevailed upon our eminent boss to let us change to that head. We feel that it would engender in us a mood of recklessness and bravado that might result in more—what we speak of in this office as "provocative" copy. It is strange the way one is affected by a title! The minute we type "Cursive and Discursive" at the top of a yellow sheet of copy-paper, all pep goes out of us, even despite the fact that the paper is yellow. We sit and long for some pre-war stuff to get us going.

Today's is a column of curses. Or maybe we should have headed it merely "Grumbles". And the man who recently washed the walls of this office carefully removed all the pictures, so that now we have no framed fable by Dunsany (scrawled with a flourishing quill) to gaze upon for alleviation of our sourness—no, not even photographs of wife and children. All, all are gone, the old familiar faces! And what in hullaballoo did that — — — do with our thumb-tacks?

What have we been reading? Well, what have you been reading? The nauseous juristic treatment of the Rhinelander case? About the big football games? About income tax reduction and the chances for coal this winter? About local politics? So have we. We've read one or two books that interested us, beside this; and several dozen that didn't at all. We've been to several parties and have met several celebrities, among them Anne Parrish and Leonard Merrick, both of whom we worshipped from a distance and liked the look of. We've started a desultory journal, which we have headed "Secrets of a Sub-Editor". Here is some of it:

Late Fall, 1925: We are nearly forty, and every time we stop to think about it we want to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge. We made a lot of pictures in water-color several years ago of somewhat fantastic animals. They were painted on the cardboards that the laundry slides into your shirts, after removing all the buttons from the shirts and treating the soft collars with a rasp. The thick water-color we laid on looked very bright against the gray cardboard. It still looks bright. We had a lot of fun. We wrote verses to the pictures. But no publisher will bring the thing out as a book, because we used so many colors that they say the reproduction of the pictures would be extremely expensive.

Such is the life of a great artist! And to think of the beautiful blue whale of the Balearic Sea that we drew, and the beautiful poetry we wrote about him, such as:

"You will know him by these presents,"
Said I to my Cousin Ella,
In the evening as we sat,
"By his eye's faint phosphorescence,
By his carefully rolled umbrella,
By his beautiful opera hat!"

And so on. And the romance of "Caspar the Crab" and "Clara the Catfish" was our *chef d'œuvre!* To think that those delicate tints and lyrical verses should never see the light! We called the whole affair "Dumb Animals, or Little Journeys to the Homes of Unappreciated Fauna." We introduced our Uncle Marmaduke, to whom we dedicated the book, and Professor Isaac Bemis, his assistant in his studies as a naturalist.

Well, our fauna must remain unappreciated! And we are nearly forty. The other day we let a friend's glass cocktail-shaker fall on the floor, shivering it to fragments; and two evenings after that we leaned back from a window seat and crashed a whole perfectly good pane of glass in our brother's apartment. And on both occasions we were perfectly sober.

And we went to the Yale-Princeton game, and, naturally, sat on the Yale side.

Anyway, we didn't go to the Yale-Harvard game.

We have decided not to keep a diary.

W. R. B.

The New Books

Religion

(*Continued from preceding page*)

existence, rather than to bald agnosticism. It is an attempt worth reading. It will meet with varying response from various readers.

It may be added that it is a well-written and well-published book. It is easy to read. Its statement of scientific facts invites but little criticism. In fact if it were not a good book about science and God it would be a good book about science and evolution. It presents a good résume of the evolution of man.

Travel

HERE'S IRELAND. By HAROLD SPEAKMAN. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $3.50.

On opening this book, one enters upon a blithe and memorable adventure. Outwardly it is a simple enough narrative, telling how a young man purchased a donkey and donkey cart, and how in their company, he encircled the whole of Ireland. But one leaves it wondering by just what gift of grace the author has accomplished an airy book that will bear so much pondering.

Mr. Speakman never obscures his travels to illumine the traveler, because his whole sympathy goes out, equally to the beguiling comedies and great tragedies of Ireland, and to the very little ass whose troubles are his troubles, and whose gait, "something between a halting crawl and a crawling halt," is the measure of his days. To be sure, he has much good fortune to feel humility about, for the luck of the road and the interest of innfire acquaintances brought him not only to many a peat-smoky cottage and ancient town, but in time to Lady Gregory and "A. E", to Countess Markievicz and Padraic Colum,—and at last, he would have us believe, to the dear Dark Roseleen herself. Whether it was she or not, it is hard to say; but certainly in the concealed spiritual adventure behind this donkey adventure something was found in Ireland that was worth a very long quest.

OREGON SKETCHES. By WALLACE SMITH. Putnams. 1925.

We have in Mr. Smith's book the New West, shorn of its romantic barbarity, save in isolated spots (like the valley ruled by women), where the enervating infiltrations of civilization have forced the population to subsist spiritually upon legends and upon the eternal beauty of the mountains and forests. It cannot be said that Mr. Smith's rather conventional travel-diary, with its recurrent mourning for "the good old days" makes very exciting reading, nor that his western types are invested by him with any dramatic interest, but the nineteen superb illustrations by the author are easily worth the price of the book.

Brief Mention

THE mystery story, always popular, seems even to have increased in vogue. Our shelf this week includes half a dozen interesting ones. Albert Payson Terhune always spins a good yarn. His dog stories are known widely. In "The Runaway Bag" (Doran. $2) he turns successfully to the mystery-adventure tale. If not always sure-fire it is, at least, rapid-fire. From the towers of Manhattan to Algiers, Bouzarea, and Chiffa the mysterious bag travels, and Dirck Lanier travels, and the reader hotfoot after them. The story is always exciting and not without humour. Mr. Terhune likes action and he conveys his pleasure in it. A good train book.

Louis Tracy, who made his first ten-strike years ago with "The Wings of the Morning," can usually be counted on still for a fairly successful thriller. His latest is "The Black Cat" (Clode. $2). From the time that Captain Philip Royson first sees a small jetty feline on his roadway, things begin to happen. This story has an English background and involves, as proper mystery stories should, a lovely lady. Frank L. Packard, another reliable mystery writer, and the creator of Jimmie Dale, gives us in "Broken Waters" (Doran. $2) what the publishers allow is "The Thrill of the Paris Underworld and The Spell of Tropic Isles." This is Packard's seventeenth story or so, and a workmanlike yarn. Edgar Wallace has followed his "The Missing Millions" and "The Hairy Arm" with "The Sinister Man." (Small, Maynard. $2). If his narratives are not always as good as his titles, why his titles, for mystery tales, are particularly inveigling. This is Wallace's seventeenth mystery story, and he does a good job. English background again. Crook against crook; diamond cut diamond! The enigmatic East lurking in the shadow.

Even more sinister than "The Sinister Man" is Fantômas, the creation of Marcel Allain, the French writer,—a melodramatic brigand who reappears in "The Lord of Terror" (David McKay. $2). This is a tale extremely Gallic in its staccato, and full of exclamation points. There are many thrills against a Parisian background. "The Body in The Shaft" by R. F. Foster (Siebel Publishing Corporation. $2) switches us back to England again, with a famous big-game hunter hanging dead in a dumb-water shaft, and a reporter-detective on the trail. Here is a new writer of detective fiction worth looking over. And Eliot H. Robinson's "Dee Dee" (Small, Maynard. $2) features yet another kind of detective, a "Reverend," the Reverend David Dean, D. D. This is an American murder story.

Medici Books as GIFTS

Donald B. Macmillan's
Four Years in the White North
Maj.-Gen. A. W. Greely's Foreword appears in this *revised edition* with new maps and illustrations. 8vo. 452 pages and 70 illustrations and maps. $4.00
For all lovers of adventure this great explorer's vivid description of the Arctic world with its human and animal activities, and his exciting travels of over 8000 miles of heroic ground with his dogs and Eskimos will continue to have the greatest fascination. A book to own as well as to give for Christmas.

Frances Hodgson Burnett's
IN THE GARDEN
"As long as one has a garden one has a future; and as long as one has a future one is alive," is the theme of this charming and beautifully illustrated book—the author's last piece of writing. $1.25

Four Hundred Years of
CHILDREN'S COSTUME
34 colored plates from the Great Masters, and explanatory text by Percy Macquoid, showing the changing styles from 1400-1800. Valuable for Designers and Artists, and a guide for all in the construction of historically correct "Fancy Dress." A sumptuous gift to all lovers of the beautiful. $4.50

The Picture Guides
Bring back all the enchantment of the romantic regions you may have visited. A new series of travel books, written by men who know and love what they portray, and profusely illustrated in photogravure.
Each, $2.50
Flanders and Hainault — The Land of St. Francis
The Italian Lakes — Grenoble and Thereabouts
The French Riviera — Mont Blanc

A Book of Saints for the Young
by Lucy Menzies
The American Library Association recommends it in the "Booklist" as an "attractive, well-made book, with 26 beautiful reproductions in color of the Medici Prints. Each is accompanied by a brief story of the saint and a paragraph of information about the artist." $3.00

THE HEROES
W. Russell Flint's charming water-color drawings illustrate Charles Kingsley's classic Greek Fairy Tales. A book for older children, but read and appreciated by grown-ups. $3.00

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The Kanter Girls
by M. L. B. Branch $2.00
Bible Stories Retold for Children
by Eleanor Crosby Kemp $2.50
A Christmas Miracle
by Anna Hempstead Branch
Frontispiece in Color by C. Ragsdale, $1.50

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

NONESUCH PUBLICATIONS.

THE Nonesuch Press of London has just issued a list of its forthcoming publications for Christmas, 1925, and for the Spring of 1926, together with a handlist of the books hitherto published by the press. The Nonesuch Press maintains its policy of limiting not merely the number of any one book, but also the total number of its publications. Nonesuch limited editions amount to no more than six for the year.

The publications this winter include "Histories or Tales of Past Times told by Mother Goose, with Morals," written in French by M. Perault, Englished by G. M. Gent, and newly edited by J. Saxon Childers, an octavo, limited to 1,250 copies; Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" with illustrations by E. McKnight Kauffer, 2 vols., royal octavo, limited to 750 copies; the "Collected Works of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester," crown quarto, limited to 750 copies; "The Tale of Mr. Tootleoo," by Bernard Darwin and Elinor Darwin, crown quarto, the fourth unlimited edition published by the press.

The publications for the spring of 1926 include the "English Poems" of John Milton, with 53 illustrations by William Blake in collotype, many reproduced for the first time, 2 vols., royal octavo, limited to 1275 copies; "Ulick and Soracha," a new novel by George Moore, royal 12mo, limited to 1250 copies; the "Works" of Thomas Otway, edited by the Rev. Montague Summers, 3 vols., crown quarto, limited to 875 sets; and "The Mistress and Other Poems," by Abraham Cowley, royal octavo, limited to 900 copies.

The Nonesuch Press emphasizes the fact that it sells its editions down to the last copy at the published price. The demand for its books grows with every new publication, and the removal of any uncertainty as to their sale enables the press to give an increasing value, whatever the price of the book.

AMERICAN BOOK COLLECTORS.

R. R. BOWKER & CO. has just published a new edition of "Private Book Collectors in the United States and Canada," with mention of their hobbies, compiled by John Allan Holden, with an introduction on "Modern Tendencies in Book Collecting," by George H. Sargent. It is three years since this invaluable list for the rare book trade was last revised. In this period the percentage of changes is probably greater than in any other classified list. Collectors as a rule average well above the middle years and deaths are consequently more frequent. Again, collectors will stop buying when their hobbies are satisfied or when circumstances dull the spirit of book-buying. Since the last edition, issued in 1922, fully 150 former collectors have died; the names of 400 no longer interested in book-buying have been dropped at their personal request, and changes of address number about 150. These figures emphasize the large percentage of alterations in a list that numbers but 2,000 names. To replace the eliminations, 580 names of new collectors have been added. This volume is a royal octavo, 275 pages, bound in blue boards and with cloth back. The 2,000 collectors' names and addresses are first arranged geographically, then alphabetically, and finally by hobbies. The edition is limited to 300 copies. It is interesting to know that this important trade publication has reached a point where the edition is soon exhausted after publication day. It shows an appreciation that is well deserved.

FORTHCOMING SALES.

ON DECEMBER 7 the library of the late Clarence E. Williams of Short Hills, N. J., selections from the library of Mrs. Isaac Guggenheim of Port Washington, Long Island, together with other consignments, will be sold at the Anderson Galleries. This sale includes library sets of standard authors, first editions, presentation and association copies, early English literature, manuscripts, colored drawings, and colored plate books.

On December 8 a very important sale will be held at Anderson's which includes a New York collection of first editions and autograph letters and relics of Lord Byron; first editions and original manuscripts of Charles Dickens from the collection of Newbury Frost Read of this city; original drawings for Dickens with inscriptions in his writing, first editions of Tennyson, and other choice books, the property of an English baronet; a New York collection of Shakespeare quartos and source books; books in beautiful bindings, the property of a famous New York collector; and early printed books from the bankrupt estate of John J. Phelan. This is a collector's sale and there is scarcely an item that is not of special interest.

On December 14 and 15 a long list of important consignments will be sold at Sotheby's in London. The rare items include the only known copy of Samuel Rowlands's "Theater of Delightful Recreation," 1605; a collection of the works of W. H. Hudson, the author's own copies; a collection of drawings by Randolph Caldicott; a Fourth Folio of Shakespeare, 1685; fine French and English bindings; autograph letters of Charles Kingsley; together with fine letters of Carlyle, Thackeray, Tennyson, and manuscripts of Thomas Hardy and Torquato Tasso, the Italian poet. In a carefully selected group of nuggets like those in this sale a paragraph can give little idea of the wealth of material comprised in it.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

A FIRST edition of Housman's "A Shropshire Lad," was recently sold to a collector in this city for $400, which is we believe the high record price for this book.

The first edition of the authorized narrative of the "First World Flight" has already been sold out in advance of publication and the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company, are ordering a new printing.

A. Edward Newton, famous as an author and bibliophile, whose latest volume is "The Greatest Book in the World and Other Papers," has been elected vice president of the Pennsylvania Library Club for 1925-1926.

"The First Napoleon: Some Unpublished Documents from the Bowood Papers," by the Earl of Kerry, provides some curious sidelights on the Napoleonic period that have never been published before. Moreover many of the papers contained in this interesting volume, recently published by Houghton Mifflin Company, were written by persons who happened to come in contact with the great emperor and were eye-witnesses of the events related.

Robert Underwood Johnson, of the editorial staff of *The Century Magazine*, 1873-1913, and ambassador to Italy, 1920-1921, opened the exhibition of Joseph Pennell's autobiography, "The Adventures of an Illustrator," in which will be shown the various processes of manufacture, at the Anderson Galleries, on December 4. The exhibition following this private view will be open to the public until December 20.

The current catalogue of James F. Drake, the rare book dealer, is an unusually interesting and attractive one. Among the rarer items is an association copy of the first edition of Fitzgerald's translation of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," listed at $2,500. This copy was given by Fitzgerald to his housekeeper, Mrs. Howe, who has written her name, "bessie Howe," in purple ink on the front cover. Laid in is a two page letter, with initials written by Fitzgerald to his housekeeper. Fitzgerald himself has corrected the word "Lightening" in Stanza XIV to "Lighting." This association copy is probably one of the finest of this issue in existence.

Two sets of signers of the Declaration of Independence will probably come into the auction room early next year. One of these will be the set of Dr. George C. F. Williams of Hartford, Conn., and the other of the late James H. Manning of Albany, N. Y.

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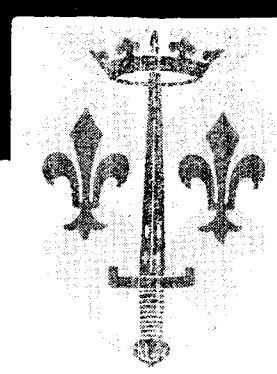

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